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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Selections.

ANDY JOHNSON'S ADDRESS TO THE SLAVES OF TENNESSEE.

COLORED MEN OF NASHVILLE: You have all heard of the President's proclamation, by which he announced to the world that the slaves in a large portion of the seceded States were thenceforth and forever free. For certain reasons which seemed wise to the President, the benefits of that proclamation did not extend to you or to your native State. Many of you, consequently, were left in bondage. The task-master's scourge was not yet broken, and the fetters still galled your limbs. Gradually this iniquity has been passing away; but the hour has come when the last vestiges of it must be removed. Consequently I, too, without reference to the President or any other person, have a proclamation to make; and, standing here upon the steps of the Capitol, with the past history of the State to witness, the present condition to guide, and its future to encourage me, I, Andrew Johnson, do hereby proclaim freedom, full, broad, and unconditional, to every man in Tennessee!

It was one of those moments when the speaker seems inspired, and when his audience, catching the inspiration, rises to his level and becomes one with him. Strangely as some of the words of this immortal utterance sounded to those uncultivated ears, I feel convinced that not one of them was misunderstood. With breathless attention those sons of bondage hung upon each syllable; each individual seemed carved in stone until the last word of the grand climax was reached, and then the scene which followed beggars all description. One simultaneous roar of approval and delight burst from three thousand throats. Flags, banners, torches and transparencies were waved wildly over the throng, or flung aloft in the ecstacy of joy. Drums, fifes and trumpets added to the uproar, and the mighty tumult of this great mass of human beings rejoicing for their race woke up the slumbering echoes of the capitol, vibrated throughout the length and breadth of the city, rolled over the sluggish waters of the Cumberland, and rang out far into the night beyond.

I am not attempting to repeat the Governor's speech. I had neither note-book nor pencil when I listened to him; and if I had both of them I could not have used them in the midst of that closely-wedged crowd. I wish only to describe a few of the points in his speech, which made the deepest impression on my mind.

Who has not heard of the great estate of Mark Cockrill, situated near the city of Nashville—an estate whose acres are numbered by the thousand, whose slaves were once counted by the score? Mark Cockrill being a great slave-owner, was of course a leading rebel, and in the very wantonness of wealth, wrung from the sweat and toil and stolen wages of others, gave fabulous sums at the outset of the war to aid Jeff. Davis in overturning the government.

Who has not heard of the princely estates of Gen. W. D. Harding, who, by means of his property alone, outweighed in influence any other man in Tennessee, no matter what were the other's worth or wisdom or ability. Harding, too, early espoused the cause of treason, and made it his boast that he had contributed, and directly induced others to contribute, millions of dollars in aid of that unholy cause.

These estates suggested to Gov. Johnson one of the most forcible points of his speech:

"I am no agrarian," said he. "I wish to see secured to every man, rich or poor, the fruits of his honest industry, effort or toil. I want each man to feel that what he has gained by his own skill or talent or exertion, is rightfully his and his alone. But if, through an iniquitous system, a vast amount of wealth has been accumulated in the hands of one man, or a few men, then that result is wrong, and the sooner we can right it the better for all concerned. It is wrong that Mark Cockrill and W. D. Harding, by means of forced and unpaid labor, should have monopolized so large a share of the lands and wealth of Tennessee; and I say if their immense plantations were divided up and parceled out among a number of free, industrious and honest farmers, it would give more good citizens to the Commonwealth, increase the wages of our mechanics, enrich the markets of our city, enliven all the arteries of trade, improve society, and conduce to the greatness and glory of the State."

And thus the Governor discussed the profoundest problems of political and social life in the presence of the despised blacks of Nashville; in their hearing denounced the grasping and bloated monopoly of their masters, and used the overgrown estates of Harding and Cockrill to illustrate his doctrines, in the presence of Harding and Cockrill's slaves.

That portion of the Governor's speech in which he described and denounced the aristocracy of Nashville, I cannot hope to render properly, but there was one point which I must not overlook.

"The representatives of this corrupt (and if you will permit me almost to swear a little) this damnable aristocracy, taunt us with our desire to see justice done, and charge us with favoring negro equality. Of all living men they should be the last to mouth that phrase; and, even when uttered in their hearing, it should cause their cheeks to tinge and burn with shame. Negro equality, indeed! Why, pass any day along the sidewalks of High street where these aristocrats, whose sons are now in the bands of guerillas and cut-throats who prowl and rob and murder around our city—pass by their dwellings, I say, and you will see as many mulatto as negro children, the former bearing an unmistakable resemblance to their aristocratic owners.

"Colored men of Tennessee! This, too, shall cease! Your wives and daughters shall no longer be dragged into a concubinage, compared to which polygamy is a virtue, to satisfy the brutal lusts of slaveholders and overseers! Henceforth the sanctity of God's holy law of marriage shall be respected in your persons, and the great State of Tennessee shall no more give her sanction to your degradation and your shame!"

"Thank God! thank God!" came from the lips of a thousand women, who in their own persons had experienced the hellish iniquity of the man-seller's code. "Thank God!" fervently echoed the fathers, husbands, brothers of those women.

"And if the law protects you in the possession of your wives and children, if the law shields those whom you hold dear, from the unlawful grasp of lust, will you endeavor to be true to yourselves, and shun, as it were death itself, the path of lewdness, crime and vice?"

"We will, we will!" cried the assembled thousands; and joining in a sublime and tearful enthusiasm, another mighty shout went up to Heaven.

"Looking at this vast crowd of colored people," continued the Governor, "and reflecting through what a storm of persecution and obloquy they are compelled to pass, I am almost induced to wish that, as in the days of old, a Moses might arise who should lead them safely to their promised land of freedom and happiness."

"You are our Moses," shouted several voices, and the exclamation was caught up and cheered until the Capitol rung again.

"God," continued the speaker, "no doubt has prepared somewhere an instrument for the great work he designs to perform in behalf of this outraged people; and in due time your leader will come forth; your Moses will be revealed to you."

"We want no Moses but you!" again shouted the crowd.

"Well, then," replied the speaker, "humble and unworthy as I am, if no other better shall be found, I will, indeed, be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the world, his country, and all who love equal rights, his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil; and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which followed these words. Joy beamed in every countenance. Tears and laughter followed each other in quick succession. The great throng moved and swayed back and forth in the intensity of emotion; and shout after shout rent the air.

A man might have exchanged an ordinary immortality to have made such a speech to such an audience, and been much the gainer.

It was a speech significant of one of the loftiest positions to which mankind, struggling upward toward universal freedom, has as yet attained.

The great Tribune descended from the steps of the Capitol. As if by magic the dense throng parted to let him through. And all that night long his name was mingled with the curses and execrations of the traitor and oppressor, and with the blessings of the oppressed and poor. Y. S.

EMANCIPATION IN MARYLAND.

CELEBRATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

From the Press, Nov. 2.

THE abolition of human slavery in the State of Maryland, becoming a fixed fact yesterday, by the act of the Governor, seconding the efforts of the people of that section of the Union, the event was celebrated in Philadelphia yesterday in a variety of ways. The colored population had their own time in their respective localities in our city. Lombard and South streets, where many of the "proscribed race" live, were gay, with flags flying from all the windows of many dwellings. Salutes of thirty-five guns each were fired in different parts of Philadelphia. Six companies of the colored regiment at Camp William Penn made a parade, and their soldierly appearance was the subject of much admiration.

The event of the day took place last evening—or, rather the festivity culminated in a grand demonstration at the headquarters of the Supervisory Committee for Colored Troops, on Chestnut street, above Twelfth. The building, with its immense transparency when fully illuminated, gave the entire structure a magical appearance—gay, attractive, and eminently patriotic. In the midst of the glare of red fire, reflecting upon ten thousand up-turned faces, the waving of flags and other ensigns of patriotism, the musical notes of the band, a meeting was improvised by Mr. Thomas Webster. An address was delivered by Mr. Thomas N. Coleman, though suffering from the effects of a blow that he received from a sneaking Copperhead assassin on Monday night. He was loudly cheered, and he thanked his God, as a Marylander, that the bright sun of liberty now illumines his native State.

Mr. Coleman was followed by Mr. Trimble, of Tennessee, Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Captain N. H. Edgerton, of Chester County, recently promoted by the indomitable Gen. Butler for gallant conduct. The Captain was wounded in a recent battle. He was followed by Wm. H. Maurice, who recited the poetry "No Slave Beneath that Starry Flag." Major Dehring and other gentlemen made patriotic speeches, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

THE TRANSPARENCY AND ILLUMINATION.

The transparency, taken as a whole, is the largest and one of the most imposing ever displayed to public view; it certainly is very appropriate to the age in which we live. It attracted the attention of thousands of people yesterday; and last evening, it being brilliantly illuminated for the first time, a dense mass of citizens congregated in front thereof. It may be said to be the production of the genius of Mr. Thomas Webster, a gentleman who has done the "State some service" in the supervision of the recruiting of the United States colored troops. The transparency consists of a number of pictures, graphically portrayed by the skill of members of the Artists' Sketch Club of Philadelphia. We commence our description of the scene at the top. On the centre is a cupola surmounted by a flag staff about fifty feet long, from which the emblem of our nation is unfurled. In the gentle westerly breeze of last evening it displayed its glorious stars and stripes to admiring thousands. In the cupola is a large bell, with the motto the same as on old Independence bell, that was rung when our young America struck for freedom from British usurpation and tyranny: "Proclaim liberty throughout *all* the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

Beneath the bell, and extendidg across the top of the transparency, is the following, in large letters, constructed of gas-jets:

> GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC.

This motto is flanked on the right and left with two lights, each representing the lamp of life.

Immediately beneath the motto is a large picture, 24 feet 7 in. by 8 feet, reaching across the entire front of the building. This represents the storming of Port Hudson, a rebel stronghold taken by the black soldiers, and which success contributed greatly to the opening of the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi, by which rebeldom was split in two. The picture is very graphic and artistic. The motto, from a poem by Mr. George Boker is on the top: "*Never, in field or tent, scorn a black regiment.*"

Immediately beneath the storming scene of Port Hudson are three panels, each being two feet by eight feet two inches, containing choice maxims or mottoes of Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry. They read as follows:

> "There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY."—*Washington's Letter to Robert Morris.*

Of slavery, Jefferson, the father of Democracy, says:

> "The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides *with* us in such a contest."

> "It would rejoice my very soul that *every* one of my fellow-beings were emancipated. I shall honor the Quakers for their noble efforts to ABOLISH SLAVERY."—*Patrick Henry.*

In the centre of the scene is a large arch, 13 feet wide and 21 feet high. The arch is very elaborately finished, being a representation of stone work, 13 in number, supported by Corinthian columns. Each stone represents a virtue, enumerated as follows: Religion, Liberty, Education, Charity, Fraternity, Frugality, Temperance, Truth, Courage, Justice, Love, Labor, Honesty. We may say that the Keystone of the Arch is labelled *Justice*. Upon the apex or crown of the arch is a representation of the coat of arms of the State of Maryland, over which is the word "*Resurgens*," which means arising after awakening. Just above the spring line of the arch is the following:

> "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."—*Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.*

A well-painted eagle, holding in its talons the emblems of peace and war, has a picture within the scope of the arch. The scroll issuing from its beak, contains the following: "*Emancipation in Maryland Accomplished in* 1864." Beneath the eagle is the following: "Maryland settled by George Calvert, Baron of Baltimore—Ireland—a *Catholic*—ranked among the most *wise* and *benevolent* lawgivers of all ages. The first in the history of the *Christian world* to seek for religious security and *Peace* by the *Practice of Justice;* to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of *Liberty of Conscience;* to advance the cause of civilization by recognizing the *rightful equality of all Christian sects.*"

Now, A.D. 1864, by emancipating over 100,000 *Christian slaves*, by the free votes of the people, *proves*, that at last, she is *entirely true* to the noble teachings of her *Immortal Founder*, and that she realizes his grand ideas of *Justice* by adopting a *Constitution* which secures to *all men* the enjoyment of *all* their *natural rights*, without regard to *creed, color or country.*

Hail to *Glorious* Maryland! "Our" Maryland, first to guarantee "free liberty of religion," first to unconditionally disenthral her slaves, first to typify a regenerated South. Hail! "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

On each column, in scroll work, we observe the names of the following illustrious men:

C. Carroll of Carrollton,	Henry Winter Davis,
William Penn,	H. L. Bond,
Sam. Chase,	R. Stockett Matthews,
Gen. Wm. Smallwood,	Archibald Sterling,
Col. J. Edgar Howard,	E. M. Stanton,
Com. Josh. Barney,	Gen. Robert C. Schenck,
Matt. Tilghman,	Col. Wm. D. Birney,
Thomas Johnson,	Col. S. M. Bowman,
William Pinkney,	R. B. Forten (colored),
William Wirt,	W. E. Straughn,
Ben. Banneker (colored),	A. J. Creswell,
R. Goodloe Harper,	H. H. Goldsborough,
Luther Martin,	Gov. A. W. Bradford.
William Crane,	

On one plinth are the figures 1776, and on the other 1864. Both plinths contain, beneath the figures, the word "Faith."

The coat of arms of Maryland, that rests on the arch-crown, is flanked right and left by angels blowing the trump of fame. On either side of the grand arch are panels, four in number, each being 10 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 9 inches. The top panel to the left represents the wounded scout and contraband. The former is held in an upright position, being faint from exhaustion and loss of blood, which may be seen trickling from his arm. The contraband is looking towards heaven. The ground scene represents a Southern cane-brake. This painting is taken from Rodgers's statuette, and it suggests a volume of history at once.

The top picture on the right represents a conflict between a colored soldier and a secesh officer. The former has his bayonet at the breast of the rebel, while the other has his uplifted sword, and is about to deal a second blow, the first blow having already drawn blood from the soldier. The countenance of the rebel is a blending of savage ferocity, wildness of despair, and fear. The soldier has his left foot firmly upon the rebel flag marked C. S. A. This represents a scene which already forms an interesting page in the history of the rebellion, as recorded in Maj.-Gen. Butler's congratulatory order. The contest took place at New Market Heights near Richmond, Sept. 29, 1864.

On the left lower corner represents a slave auction in the State of Maryland. A well developed descendant of Ham is already on the block. He stands with his arms folded. Behind him is the auctioneer, a long, lean, lantern-jawed specimen of a "nigger-seller," before him a group of men of all sorts and sizes, apparently engaged in bidding against each other for the possession of the "chattel." At the foot of the auctioneer's desk are the wife and the children of the slave grouped together. The wife is downcast; the tear of anguish at the thought of separation is trickling down her cheek. The children are too young to appreciate the enormity of the affair. The following mottoes are on this picture. On the top:

> "God fixed it certain that whatever day
> Makes man a slave takes half his worth away."

At the bottom is the following motto:

> "Thousands of men, women and children sold annually under Maryland's old Constitution to the far South."

We now turn our attention to the picture on the right lower corner. Here we observe a school house in the distance, with its neat cupola and bell summoning the rising generation of the "proscribed race" to school. The scene is laid in St. Mary's County, Md. A fine, fat-looking specimen of a colored woman points to the building dedicated to purposes of popular education. A little boy and girl are on the way to the place thus pointed out by the matron. This suggestive picture cannot help receiving popular favor of all intelligent classes who know the value of education. On the top of this picture is the well-known motto:

> "'Tis education forms the common mind."

At the lower part of the panel or painting is the following inscription: "12,000 colored soldiers now at the front fighting for the Union."

The lower panel, which forms, it may be said, the base of the entire picture, is 18 feet 6 inches in length by 6 feet wide. It contains on one end a good likeness of President Lincoln, and on the other an excellent representation of the next Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. Between these portraits are the following words:

> "Emancipation proclaimed January 1, 1863, by
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
> Practically enforced by glorious GRANT,
> Indomitable SHERMAN,
> Irresistible SHERIDAN, and
> Conquering FARRAGUT.
> Let us sustain them by our Ballots, and make
> Emancipation a Fact Fixed Forever."

The space between the front of the house and the transparency is appropriated to the portraits of the following-named men of progress, civil, military, and naval: Generals Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Butler, Phelps; Admirals Farragut, Porter, Dupont; Capt. Winslow, Hon. E. M. Stanton, Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, and Hon. John Hickman. The transparency was illuminated with 154 gas jets, the entire expense being raised by voluntary contributions. The artists engaged in thus transferring to canvas the design of Mr. Webster are Messrs. Geo. F. Bensell, Joseph Beale, J. D. Wilson, E. B. Bensell, D. R. Knight, and Wm. E. Smith.

In addition to the above, a fine painting of a colored soldier shot down, but still holding the flag up. Another soldier is about to take the emblem of nationality from him. This transparency was exhibited at the opposite side of the way. There were many flags also exhibited containing the following mottoes:

"I call the American war an aristocratic rebellion against democratic government."—*Richard Cobden.*

"Oh! fear not the slave when he breaks from his chain,
The man made a freeman grows safe in his gain."
—*Friedrich Schiller.*

"Daniel O'Connell, Father Theobald Matthew, and 60,000 other Irishmen, wrote to Irishmen in America, these words:

"'Oppose slavery by all the peaceful means in your power. Join with the Abolitionists everywhere, they are the consistent advocates of liberty. Tell every man that *you* do not understand *liberty* for the *white man* and *slavery* for the *black man;* and that you are *for liberty for all*, of every color, creed, and country.'"

"200,000 men of color are now fighting for the country in the army and navy."—*A. Lincoln.*

"There are no negro traitors."

"The great Emancipationists of this century, Daniel O'Connell and Abraham Lincoln."

"There is an indissoluble union between *virtue* and *happiness*, between *duty* and *advantage*."—*Washington's Farewell Address.*

"Maryland recognizes the wisdom of the advice, and conforms to it by emancipation."

"The colored race fought in the Revolution, and under Jackson, Perry, Stewart, Decatur, Bainbridge, and other heroes, against English aristocracy and tyranny; and will always be found on the side of *justice.*"

"Maryland to her sister Southern States, greeting: I would 'speak unto you, and show you these glad tidings. My bond-men and bond-women I have made *free*. Do ye likewise!'"

"The Union will not be divided by Mason's and Dixon's line—or any other line. The North will never tolerate a division of territory."—*John Hickman, in Congress, Dec. 12, 1859.*

"The curse of our nation is almost blotted out; but let it not be said that Catholic citizens took pity on the brute, and bound its wounds, and played the part of a Good Samaritan to the monster."—*Archbishop Purcell.*

"As a mere question of justice, no one can allege any right to reduce a human being to slavery. It is detestable to mind and heart. And moreover he who reduces a free man to slavery is excommunicated by the Church. Slavery is the cause of all our national trouble."—*Archbishop Purcell.*

"Maryland obeys the Divine injunction: 'To loose the bonds of wickedness—to undo the heavy burdens—and to let the oppressed go free—and break every yoke."—*Isaiah* lviii. 6.

"'Emancipation was justice to Ireland. Emancipation is justice to Negroes.' All praise to Daniel O'Connell, the author of the first, and to Abraham Lincoln, the author of the last."

"Sic semper Tyrannis."

UNCONDITIONAL LOYALTY.

[We find the following extract from a sermon by Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY in the Syracuse *Standard.*]

FIRST among the duties imperatively demanded of all the people of our country, in this day of national peril—aye, of conflict for the very life of the Republic—I place the duty of *unconditional loyalty.* Never before did I know so well the meaning of that word, Loyalty; nor how all the other virtues, required of us now, are folded up in this one. Loyalty, in the American sense, is allegiance to the Federal government, as the supreme power of the land, not any the less sacred because it was placed in the hands of those who administer it, by the choice of the people, and not, as in most other countries, by the accident of birth. The Constitution is the highest law of the Union, and it is the best form of civil government ever yet devised; not perfect, indeed, but susceptible of improvement as far and as fast as the people shall desire, and by a method which itself prescribes. If the separation of these States would be an improvement—a benefit to any of them; if the people of the States now in rebellion really desired to be separate, and had taken the legitimate, constitutional way to attain that end; if they had assembled in their several States in Conventions legally called and fairly representing all their classes, and then and there had declared their wish to separate, it would not have been possible, consistently with the fundamental principle of the Union, to have denied their right to secede; nor could any power have roused the people of the other States forcibly to resist their departure. In that case the Union might have been dissolved in virtue of the terms of its formation. But the people of the rebellious States did not desire separation. They were not consulted. It was a diabolical plan devised for their personal aggrandizement by the ruling class in those States—the lords of the soil, the slaveholding aristocrats, who have ever held the poor people of their States, white as well as black, in abject subjection and miserable degradation; and who would, if they could, extend their cruel dominion over every part of our Republic, and reduce to slavery the laboring population everywhere. These haughty despots would not condescend to take the peaceful way to attain their end, probably because they knew the people would not unite with them in asking to be separated from a Union which is pledged to secure to them Democratic State governments. They presumed rather to attempt to gain their object by violence. They dared to rebel, to set the government of the Union at defiance—aye, even to attempt its overthrow. Their treason, their fell designs, summoned every loyal man to the rescue; and so the madness of the rebels in plunging into war has saved us from what would have been a great national disaster, if it had been peacefully and constitutionally obtained—the dissolution of our Union. This, we trust, will now be forever averted. Thus are the wrath and folly of men made to praise the Lord and bless his heritage.

One great blessing which has been conferred upon us by this rebellion is a vast increase of patriotism and of the virtue of loyalty throughout the portions of our Republic that have not been beguiled or forced into this rebellion. If it be true that we have fallen on evil times—times that have brought out in rank abundance the corrupt, the poisonous fruits of aristocratic pride, love of irresponsible power, party ambition and love of money—it is also true that these are good times, forasmuch as we now witness everywhere a deeper sense of the great mission of our Republic, a stronger determination to preserve and extend the blessings of Democratic republicanism, a more general and sincere abhorrence of slavery, love of liberty and respect for the rights of all men.

SPEECH OF THOMAS WEBSTER.

[Not long since, the Philadelphia Union League invited Col. Bowman, the recruiting officer of colored troops for the State of Maryland, to deliver an address in their new Hall. Mr. Thomas Webster, the Chairman of the Philadelphia Committee for recruiting colored soldiers, presided, and in introducing Col. Bowman, made the following speech:]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To-night I find myself honored with the duty of introducing to you the distinguished soldier on my right, the orator of the evening. We have been appealed to, my fellow-citizens, almost nightly, as Union men, as citizens without distinction of party, as patriots, to do our duty in this crisis. Beside all this, I appeal to you to-night to do your whole duty as emancipationists, as lovers of liberty to all men, without regard to creed, color, or country (applause). There is no man, no woman, no sensible child of fourteen, but what now feels, knows, and is entirely convinced that the cause of all our woes, now as heretofore, is the foul crime of human slavery. After nearly ninety years of existence as a nation, during all which time, in spite of the promulgation of the grand idea "that all men are created equal," we have daily and hourly as a nation been guilty of outrages on human rights. We now find our guilt of compliance and acquiescence in slavery culminating in war. This might have been seen and expected from the first, for "'tis the eternal law, where guilt is, there sorrow shall answer it." At least we begin to know that slavery and free Republican government cannot coexist. One or the other must die (cheering). Either we must destroy slavery, or it will destroy free government. Which shall conquer in this contest? Your fathers, your brothers, your sons are perilling their lives for the Union of these States for *freedom*, for self-government. We must here, at home, sustain them by our votes. We must reelect Abraham Lincoln (great cheering), or prepare to witness the downfall of self-government, and in reëlecting him, as the champion of freedom against slavery, it is our duty to *him*, to humanity and ourselves, to demand, in unmistakable terms, that the war shall continue, until the accursed cause of it shall be annihilated, until the last slave is made free (great applause), and the nation stands before the world redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled (immense cheering).

Every instinct of patriotism, and every prompting of prudence and foresight, alike call for this. We must uproot and forever destroy the atrocious cause of this war—or else be prepared for endless wars (shouts, that's it, that's so). We must signify this to be our idea of the contest now being waged, in suffering, in blood, and in death, on land and on sea, and about to be tested by the ballot-box—so that there may be no mistake about the meaning of it (applause). Victory when won must not be throttled or dwarfed by compromises and cowards (enthusiastic cheers). We must determine the future, and by our outspoken frankness effectually prevent the natural rights of 4,000,000 of our fellow-creatures ever being submitted to the "arbitrament of courts or the councils of legislation," as, at least, one false oracle of authority has ominously suggested. Nor will we tolerate the payment of three or four million for their redemption, and thus double our debt and its burdens. We will continue the war until we liberate every man, woman and child from bonds, and until slavery, in all its aspects, shall be no more. This is our idea of the contest. This is, substantially, the platform adopted at Baltimore by our party. We fight for this, and to this we expect and know that Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson will conform. Well. But, say some, peace, blessed peace, would be most welcome. So it would be, but not with dishonor; rather war, from generation to generation, than an ignominious peace, which would recognize slavery in any one of "its moral, political and economical relations," for a single moment. The people's court of arbitrament for the long delayed cause of liberty vs. slavery is that of battle on land and on the ocean; their jury, our brave soldiers and sailors; their counsellors, glorious Grant, indomitable Sherman, irresistible Sheridan, the all comprehensive Butler (immense applause), with conquering Farragut, brave Porter, gallant Winslow, and hosts of other heroic leaders (prolonged cheers); their arguments, force; their terms, unconditional submission (shouts); and woe to the timorous and would-be statesmen and leaders who would in their studies originate resistance to this stern logic (great cheering). In the readjustment with the South there must be no compromise for a single moment, with slavery in any form. It must be entombed (shouts, that's the talk and prolonged cheers).

It is my privilege to intimately know our guest. He was born and reared in our own State. As a Major of cavalry he fought at Shilob, and subsequently under his bosom friend Gen. Sherman, then unknown to fame, he conducted the gallant affair at Iuka. After that, as Colonel of the 84th Pennsylvania volunteers, he fought in that most heroic and greatly underrated campaign of Pope's from Cedar Mountain to Chantilly, always against overwhelming odds, to gain time in order that the defeated, gasconading, gunboat General of the Army of the Potomac, poor Little Mac, might be saved and bring back his shattered battalions (laughter and applause). Our friend was in action at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. He was selected to be one of the board of officers to examine applicants for the command of colored troops. By his advice, and that of Gen. Casey, the Philadelphia committee established a school for the instruction and training of privates to become officers of colored troops. How successful that school has been you well know. As much credit is due to our guest for its success as to any other man alive. Happily for humanity, it one day occurred to Mr. Stanton, that brave, grand champion of emancipation, ever true to human rights (cheers), to make our guest the chief mustering and recruiting officer of colored troops for the State of Maryland. He had plenary powers conferred on him; he used them with alacrity and zeal. He opened slave-pens and negro jails; he spoke in pulpits of negro churches—in the fields, everywhere; he wrote articles for papers, and issued military orders; he marched his companies of colored soldiers with recruiting officers, on high roads, by-roads, lanes and foot-paths; he visited the plantations and mansions of the rich slaveholders for recruits—his agents boarded every steamboat and fishing-smack on the Chesapeake and all its numerous tributaries. Day and night, early and late, in every possible manner, did he work, with rare intelligence and unsurpassed energy, to provide soldiers for the Republic from the slaves of Maryland (cheers). In forty days he enlisted over 6,000 colored soldiers, free and slave. By taking able-bodied slaves to bear arms to put down the rebellion he worked a revolution in Maryland. He convinced slaveholders by his inexorable logic that slavery was about "played out" in that State, and that the very best thing they could do was to "go in" for emancipation. In short, he broke the back of slavery in that State, and prepared the way for the late glorious triumph of emancipation (immense cheering). In doing all this he was what he was in 1860, and is now—a Democrat. Such was and is this friend of liberty to all men, whom I now have the honor of introducing to you—Colonel S. M. Bowman.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

From the American Baptist.

IF Mr. Lincoln is not as good a President as we could wish, he is certainly as good a President as the nation deserves. If he has been slow in adopting a line of policy, it has generally been found that when he has taken a step, it is in the right direction. Besides, there is little doubt that his policy for the next four years would be more radical than it has been. He will be less anxious to secure Kentucky, and conciliate that treacherous Border State influence which has been the cause of so many of our disasters. The dismissal of Blair from the Cabinet is the index of an altered policy. The late revelations of Thurlow Weed are equally significant. He confesses that he has been striving to have Lincoln thrown out, because he "believed that a Democratic President, as earnest as Mr. Lincoln against the rebellion, and exempted from the influences that have beset and badgered him from the beginning, could prosecute the war more successfully," and after it was over, be "less encumbered in the readjustment of our disjointed machinery of government." In other words, Thurlow Weed, the political and personal friend of Seward, began to despair of rescuing Mr. Lincoln from abolition influences, and therefore he plotted the nomination of a Democrat. Having failed in this project, he vents his spleen against the President, the Republicans, the Abolitionists, and in general all who will not consent to the reëstablishment of the slaveholding aristocracy in all its ancient privileges. He says "there was always a broad and well understood distinction between the Whig opponents of slavery and the fanatical Abolitionists," and while he labored in harmony with the former, they were "eternally opposed by the Birney, Goodell, Garrison, and other fanatical Abolitionists, who in elections so cast their 'third party' vote as to elect pro-slavery Governors, Congressmen, and Presidents, and finally, by defeating Mr. Clay, brought Texas into the Union as a slave State." "It was this dread of *ultra abolition*, embarrassing Mr. Lincoln in the past, and threatening embarrassment in the future, that induced me to *hope for a change of Administration.*" We take the splenetic effusions of Mr. Weed as conclusive evidence that the power of Secretary Seward over Mr. Lincoln is waning, and that the latter is verging more and more towards the Radical wing. If we are correct in this impression, the retirement of Mr. Seward from the Cabinet is only a question of time, and we devoutly hope the event may not long be delayed.

THE AMERICAN CAUSE ABROAD.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

PARIS, Oct. 14, 1864.

AMERICAN affairs come in for a considerable share of attention in these days. The government press, while doing its best to diminish the importance of our lately reported victories, and always insisting that the North does not want to abolish slavery, and that the South is nearly willing to give it up and is very good to the negroes, and that the North will be ruined and lose its liberties, and that the South is assured of its independence, does speak of the U. S. A. less disrespectfully since their stream of "diminished victories" has been flowing so strongly. Withal, the Napoleonic organs of American Democracy are quite discouraged about its doings and prospects in the Presidential campaign. Our friends here, per contra, are very hopeful. David A. Wells's "Comprehensive and popular examination of the debt and resources of our country, present and prospective," has done us good service, furnishing several publicists with material for solid, telling arguments in proof of our strength to bear our burden. Elisee Reclus has a long article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, giving a historical resumé of the last two years of our revolution. Its conclusive argument, based on the facts, is not only that we are getting on, but that we are getting bravely on. If still too far away from the desired end toward which we are drifting and driven by the disturbed and locally eddying but irresistibly onward course of things, yet long and irrevocably advanced beyond the point where we seemed fast anchored in foul stagnation five years ago.

That "old friend of America," as Ed. Laboulaye styles himself with such good reason, publishes in the last number of the *Revue Nationale* a vigorous, earnestly eloquent article, showing the vital importance of the success of the Union party in the present political campaign, not only to the cause of the American Union and consequent political and civil liberty with us, but to the cause of free government and civil liberty the world over. I send you this number of the *Revue*, which also contains two of our "old friend's" lectures on the American Constitution. Intelligent men with us, who are thinking that patriotism or even considerations of well-understood material interest are reconcilable with the principles and want of them represented by the Presidential candidate of our so-called Democracy, would do well to ponder Laboulaye's argument. No one can pretend that he is ignorant of our institutions, the study of which has been the occupation of his strong, calm mind for years before our civil war. Even that magisterially impartial and artesian-wellish, veridical and profoundly learned LL.D. Mackay (ex-poet but always *vates*) will not pretend that M. Laboulaye is inspired to feel and speak as he does by New England fanaticism or contractors' profits.

But M. Laboulaye—a man undoubtedly of superior mental powers, and exceptionally familiar with the theory and practice of American institutions—is not alone, is not one in a thousand, but is one of the thousands of European Liberals in his way of thinking and feeling on the American question. How can sincere American Democrats, still held by old party names and chains, explain to themselves the fact that their party, in its present degeneracy, is the pet and hope of the European aristocratic and autocratic parties; that it has for its partisan journals in Europe all the newspaper organs of rulers and administrations, and classes instinctively hostile to popular government; and this other counter-fact that all classes of European Liberals, who have been used to defend the American Republic, to point to it as an exemplary proof of a nation's capacity to rule itself in freedom, to believe in our free institutions, and through their belief in and love for them to plead, and battle, and hope for the attainment of similar ones for *their* nations, should now all deprecate and dread the successful progress of *our* Democratic principles to administrative power? Is it these European peans who, without selfish interest or other conceivable rational motive, have changed their life-long convictions and the very nature of their minds?

LONDON, Oct. 15, 1864.

I wish, in the first place, that I could bring home to the knowledge and conscience of every American voter, how intensely the enemies of his country, those wholesale traducers of his nationality and belongings who have actually made his name sound like a reproach in Europe, hate and dread the prospect of the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln. Despite what you read in the English papers about the indomitableness of the South, its capacity for rallying after worse disasters than have been inflicted upon it, the comparative unimportance of the successes before Mobile, at Atlanta and in the Shenandoah—despite all this display of "brave words" and mouthing encouragement, the opinion every day gains ground here, that the rebellion is pretty nearly "played out," unless something occurs to strengthen its hand. That *something* must be, of course, the election of McClellan. I think the shrewder Anglo-rebels, however, are inclined to despair of it; only the more hot-headed insist on bullying themselves into a sort of belief in such a desirable consummation. They cannot bear to think otherwise.

This is particularly noticeable among Englishmen who have identified themselves with sympathy with secession, and are now unwillingly waking up to the awful possibility of failure, with themselves notoriously committed to the losing side. Become confidential with them, and after much windy discourse of subjugation, the generally atrocious nature of all Yankees, greenbacks, the horrors of civil war, inevitable national bankruptcy and the like (with which cheerful subjects of consideration you should be tolerably familiar by this time)—you shall, if dexterous or lucky, elicit a confession, nearly akin to a fear, that perhaps, after all, they *may* be mistaken in their estimate of Southern invincibility, and that these Yankees, whose history is without precedent, whose ways are not their ways, may by dint of sheer pertinacity blunder into success! Admitting the reconstruction of the Union, they allow that a comparatively few years (in the history of a nation) might, with such a magnificent country, restore America to her former power and prosperity. And then what a record for aristocratic and commercial England! Wherefore they hope desperately in next November. But the shrewder of them before mentioned, and the Southerners here, talk among themselves with anything but confidence.

ARMING OF THE NEGROES BY THE REBELS—FREEDOM TO ALL WHO FIGHT.

[The following article is from the Richmond *Enquirer* of a late date:]

THE proposition to extend the conscript law to the slaves of the States was first formally advanced by the *Enquirer*, in the issue of the 6th inst. Since that time we have received many assurances of its popular favor, and none whatever of opposition to it. We learn that planters in the extreme Southern States favor the proposition, and some have signified their readiness to free five, ten or fifteen of their slaves if they will enter the army. The near approach of the time when the Congress meets again, requires that expression be given to the sentiments of the country upon this important measure. We therefore earnestly invite its discussion, and open our columns to opponents as well as friends of the proposition.

The result of the late elections is still in doubt, and whether Lincoln or McClellan will be elected, it is yet impossible to determine, but there is no uncertainty as to the question of carrying on the war. Whether Lincoln or McClellan be the next President, the voice, and the almost unanimous voice of that people is for a vigorous prosecution of the war. The duty of preparing to meet that issue will be before the approaching session of the Confederate Congress; that body will have before it for consideration the ways and means, as well of men as of money, for carrying on the war on our part.

The war cry of the enemy—"No parley with rebellion in the field—no compromise with slavery in the readjustment," fully inform our people that, in plain vernacular, the whites of these States are to be subjugated to slavery, and their slaves reduced to the miserable condition of Yankee free negroes. This is the view of the people, among our enemies, and this will be the result of the war, whether ended by Lincoln or McClellan, if the people of these States permit themselves to be conquered.

The conscription of negroes should be accompanied with freedom and the privilege of remaining in

entirely, and must stand or fall on its merits as the policy of war and statesmanship.

The people, however, are at liberty to look upon this matter in another light. They are at liberty to respect the negro as a man, to count his natural rights to be those of a man, to regard his slavery as a great personal, social and moral wrong, and to hold as unsafe all those counsellors who treat him with persistent contempt. They have been trying to learn the lesson of this war. They believe that it has a lesson, and that it has cost them too much to be disregarded or lightly lost. They know that to slavery, and to slavery alone, is the war attributable, with all its horrors. They know that the Slave Power is the only foe of the Republic. They know that the war was instituted in behalf of slavery; and they believe that this terrible conflict is God's judgment on a nation that has grown fat on wrongs inflicted upon millions of slaves. They have watched the negro as he has assumed the position of a man. They have seen him plunging into the thickest of the fight, and maintaining his position by the side of his white brethren, and gallantly defending the flag that defends him. They have learned to spell his name with a single *g*.

What can a Christian government hope for from a set of men who will learn nothing from such a war as this? What can it hope for from men who glory in trampling upon the rights of four million of their fellow-beings. What can it hope for from those who have always been in league with the Slave Power—for whose success in this campaign the Slave Power is praying, who have no word of cheer for the negro who has achieved his liberty, and is now fighting for the maintenance of the government, who count it a calamity that slavery is to be disturbed, who are willing and anxious to have it remain for their political benefit? A way has been made by this war for the progress of ideas. Slavery has forfeited every right which it held under the Constitution of the United States. *Slavery itself has no rights. It has thrown away every legal right it ever held.* It has proved itself the enemy of the Republic. It is an open, bloody rebel. Its hands are red with the best blood of this nation. And now, political obligation to treat slavery tenderly all gone, we have a right to bring humanity and Christianity into full play, and to declare that slavery shall die—that it shall never have another opportunity to destroy our national life, and that those who spell negro with two *g*'s are not safe men to trust with the government. Contempt of the negro has been the crying sin of the North, for which the North is now suffering with the still more contemptuous South. Let us respect him and his rights, and claim it as the glory of the Republican party that it is struggling for the freedom and the rights of every man, of every color, in all these States, over which the stars and stripes have floated—over which in crowning triumph they shall soon float again.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

NOVEMBER 8, 1864.

In shower and mist the evening waned
That lapped upon the fateful day;
And hope-excited eyes we strained
To catch the faintest starlit ray.

The mockery of repose we kept—
With our great burden laid us down:
It was not slumber, if we slept;
We woke as waking from a swoon.

And thus to God our midnight prayer
Went up: "O grant for Thy dear cause
The morrow may be bright and fair,
Almighty Arbiter of Laws!"

In shower and mist the morning broke—
The morning of that fateful day;
And scarcely from our hearts we shook
Our superstitious fears away.

Forgive us, now we see the sun,
And clouds and rain no more oppress,
Forgive our weak petition,
Nor chide, O God, our simpleness.

In storm and shine Thy truth survives,
Thy righteous plans unchanged remain—
Outlast a thousand human lives
Of good and evil, joy and pain.

Unbent the course of nature flows,
Whatever threat thy sacred cause;
Our wishes nor our deeds impose
Departure from Thine equal laws.

IN SMOOTH WATERS.

The national crisis is past. The painful tension of the public mind during an absorbing Presidential canvass has suddenly been relaxed, and everything resumes its wonted course amid a general sense of relief. Abraham Lincoln has been reëlected by a most decisive majority, which must be welcomed even by his opponents as a proof of the stability of our government, and a guaranty of future order upon which the affairs of life may be safely regulated. We believe that the people never approached an election with such an accurate perception of its importance, with such an earnest and religious determination to do their duty, and with a calmness so disproportionate to the magnitude of the stake and the simplicity of party lines. That the popular suffrage was everywhere characterized by unprecedented sobriety and good behavior, was certainly due in large measure to the precautions of government to frustrate a *coup d' état*, of which there were many unquestionable indications; but the moral sense of the community served as a not despicable police in overawing conspiracy and the grosser exhibitions of brute violence.

The victory of the eighth of November has a significance which he who runs may read. Negatively it means that, in the judgment of the people, there have not been "four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war"; that the Constitution has not been "disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired"; that no "immediate efforts" are to be made "for a cessation of hostilities"; and that there has been no "Administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution." Positively it means that the rebellion is to be suppressed by the government with the cordial coöperation of the people; that the only terms of peace to be offered to rebels will be "based upon an unconditional surrender of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States"; that "justice and the national safety demand the utter and complete extirpation of slavery from the soil of the Republic"; that the Constitution must be amended so as to "terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States"; that the people "approve and endorse, as demanded by the emergency and essential to the preservation of the nation, and as within the Constitution, the measures and acts which the President has adopted to defend the nation against its open and secret foes; and approve especially the proclamation of Emancipation, and the employment as Union soldiers of men heretofore held in slavery"; and that "the government owes to all men employed in its armies, without distinction of color, the full protection of the laws of war." In a word, the vote of Tuesday means the acceptance by the people of the Baltimore, and the rejection of the Chicago, platform. It means a national policy which recognizes in Liberty the only basis of Union and Peace.

The rebellion has played its last card and has lamentably failed to win. The coming four years contain no cheer for it, even if the Administration were to be no more vigorous than it has been hitherto. But if so much has been done in the green wood towards reconquering the seceded territory, what will not be accomplished in the dry—with the whole nation committed to a relentless prosecution of the war, on the highest plane of action which it has ever reached, with the President himself an avowed and volunteer leader against the citadel of corruption and treason? Despotism, it is settled, cannot be tolerated, and lacks the power to supplant democracy on this continent. The late election, as a testimony to the strength of our Republican institutions, as a tranquil utterance for the right amid the activities of a gigantic war and the alarms of domestic intrigue, as the deliberate preference of a long-suffering people for further sacrifices of life, and love, and wordly possessions, above an infamous surrender of principle to an organized barbarism in bloody revolt—was the sublimest spectacle of our history. And if, to complete this manifestation of the permanence of our system, there were still something wanting, we have it in the humble and strictly popular origin of the candidates for the two highest offices within the gift of the people. Hear it, every tyrant, and believe it, every aristocracy: Republicanism is *not* a failure, nor is the Union a potter's vessel.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE LATEST RETURNS.

The returns of the election held on Tuesday are as yet quite imperfect, owing partly to the storm which has impeded the action of the telegraphic wires. Enough is known, however, to make it certain that Lincoln and Johnson will have a large majority of the electoral votes.

Maine has gone for Lincoln by a majority of at least 15,000;

New Hampshire, by a majority of 2,000, or over;

Vermont, by a majority of 30,000;

Massachusetts, by a majority of 75,000;

Rhode Island, by a majority of 5,000;

Connecticut, by a majority of 3,000;

New York (probably, though not certainly), by a majority of 5,000;

Pennsylvania, by a majority larger than that given in the October election:

Maryland, by a majority of 10,000 or over;

Ohio, by a majority of not less than 30,000;

Indiana, by a majority of 30,000.

From Illinois, Michigan and the other western Atlantic States there are only scattering returns, but there is small reason to doubt that they all, with the exception of Kentucky, and possibly Missouri, have also gone for Lincoln. From the Pacific States there are no returns, but it is not doubted that they also have gone for Lincoln.

At this moment the only States *sure* for McClellan are Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

Enough Union members of Congress have been elected to secure a two-thirds vote for the Constitutional Amendment forever prohibiting slavery! We hope now that the sincere War Democrats in the *present* Congress, in view of the results of this election, will aid in passing that Amendment before the 4th of March next. It is difficult to believe that they will any longer persist in their efforts to save slavery from the doom pronounced against it by the people. Abolitionists should at once prepare and circulate petitions, asking for the passage of the Amendment, and see that they are presented at an early day. It is to be hoped that the President will urge the measure in his message to be presented on the first Monday in December.

That pestilent demagogue, Fernando Wood, will not, thank God! be a member of the next Congress. William A. Darling, an able and honest man succeeds him. G. W. Curtis, we regret to say, though he made a strong run, was not able to overcome the large Copperhead majority in the first District.

Massachusetts has chosen a Union member of Congress in every one of her ten districts.

OVATION TO GEORGE THOMPSON IN CONCORD, N. H.

In compliance with a request signed by Gov. Gilmore and other eminent citizens of Concord, N. H., the Hon. George Thompson visited that place on the 2d inst., to exchange congratulations with the people upon the mighty change wrought in public opinion there, in respect to slavery, since 1835, when he was compelled to leave his lodgings and fly to the woods to save himself from the fury of a pro-slavery mob. The Concord *Daily Monitor* of the 3d says:

"The largest audience ever gathered within the walls of any building in this city assembled last evening at Eagle Hall, to do honor to George Thompson, and to manifest by their presence and interest the marked change which has taken place in the popular sentiment of America on the question of human rights, and in favor of justice and liberty. At an early hour all the seats were taken, and all the available standing room occupied. At 7½ o'clock, Mr. Thompson, accompanied by Mayor Gale, B. F. Prescott and Col. Wm. E. Chandler, was escorted from the Eagle Hotel to the Hall by a company of the Reserve Corps and the Brigade Band. Mr. Prescott, in a brief and complimentary manner, introduced Mr. Thompson to the audience, who greeted him heartily."

Mr. Thompson spoke upwards of two hours, and at the close was greeted with prolonged cheers. The *Monitor* furnishes only a very meagre sketch of the address, much of which, it seems, was devoted to the issues of the Presidential contest. The *Monitor* says:

"Owing to a misunderstanding, Gen. Hinks was not present, but shortly after 10 o'clock an extra train arrived from Manchester, bringing Vice-President Hamlin, who was escorted to the Hall by the Reserve Corps and Band. He made a characteristic speech of nearly an hour, of which our limits will not permit us to give an abstract to-day. Suffice it to say that it was patriotic and telling, and elicited hearty responses from the audience that patiently waited until the close of the meeting. At the conclusion of the speech, cheer upon cheer was given for Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Thompson, as the representative of English democracy, our boys in blue, and Lincoln and Johnson."

TRIBUTE TO JOHN D. READ.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

In the letter of your Washington correspondent, under date of Oct. 23d, is an extract from a paper of that city, giving an account of the murder of John D. Read, of Fall's Church, Va., by a band of guerillas. As there was somewhat in his life worthy the interest of the anti-slavery reader, and this was also the undoubted cause of his death, I offer this record of the few facts derived from a brief acquaintance.

He was much interested in the improvement and elevation of the colored people, which marked him for the hatred of the misguided wretches who rob and murder in the interest of slavery.

I recall a strange and pleasant picture—a warm Sabbath morning last Spring, when I saw him and his daughter, at the house of one of his colored employees, where weekly they taught sixty persons, men, women and children, I think bond as well as free, for some came a distance of miles beyond our lines. Many could read well, others were toiling in the spelling-book.

Just as they were singing their national hymn,

"Go down, Moses,
Go 'way down into Egypt's land,
And tell old Pharaoh
To let my people go,"

some cavalry dashed up to the door, in quest of the dreaded guerilla, who had been seen watching the house as the people assembled. In a letter written a few weeks ago he states that the school was then continued and some of the pupils had learned to write tolerably. In addition to this his daughter walked every day several miles, and taught from house to house, as it was not thought safe to collect a day-school.

During the heat of Summer she had to relinquish this undertaking, but the entreaties of the colored people and the apparent absence of danger decided the father to permit and aid his daughter to establish a school under the auspices of one of the Freedmen's Aid Societies, and at the time of his death the school was about to be opened.

Respectfully,

Emily Howland.

Words of Approval.—We do not often print the words of commendation that reach us from time to time in letters from our subscribers, but we will not withhold from our readers the following extract from the letter of a true-hearted anti-slavery woman of Massachusetts:

"Let me tell you how much I have admired the course of the Standard in regard to Lincoln. Steadily, firmly, yet without any ill-advised ado or party bluster, it has held on its unflinching way, never deviating from the right or holding parley with the wrong. The Standard and the *Liberator* deserve all honor for the part they have taken in this party strife. May their friends and patrons increase a thousand fold."

It affords us no little satisfaction to be able to say that, so far as we are able to judge, the Standard was never more acceptable to its readers generally than it is at present.

FREEDMEN'S MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

A great meeting on the subject of the Freedmen is to be held in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 21st inst. It is to be addressed by Reuben Tomlinson of St. Helena's, S. C, Wm. F. Mitchell of Nashville, Tennessee, J. M. McKim, Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Philadelphia.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Nov. 6th, 1864.

The fate of the country is to be decided very soon, and as the result will be known before this letter is in print, I will indulge in no speculations or predictions. I will say, however, that the evidence in the hands of the government, going to show that a very large number of fraudulent votes have been sent to New York from the army, is conclusive. They have been sent by Gov. Seymour's agents, and by no others. The extent of these criminal transactions it is impossible to ascertain—therefore, the result in the State of New York is uncertain. It is felt to be so here in the best-informed circles, though there is no doubt of Mr. Lincoln's reëlection.

The McClellanites in this vicinity are very nervous and anxious, as if they were aware that they were about to be beaten. Their course in reference to the Administration has been infamous to the last degree. Day after day their organ here, the *Constitutional Union*, applies the coarsest epithets to Mr. Lincoln, and in a hundred ways exhibits its sympathies with the rebellion. It would scarcely venture upon such conduct at any time but in the election canvass. In the military courts which have sat in this city within the last six months, it has been held that the District of Columbia is "in the field." If this is correct, the military courts should prevent such publications as prejudicial to the interests of the service. The soldiers buy an evening paper which denounces their "Commander-in-Chief" as a tyrant, usurper and villain. This is what the *Union* has done for weeks upon soil where martial law prevails. The generosity of the President is remarkable, and it seems to me that he has done well to take no notice of the conduct of these semi-rebels for the present. The people are about to choose their rulers for another four years, and in the canvass, even in this city, extravagant language is to be expected from the opponents of the Administration. But when the election is over it will be quite another matter. The government then is to be respected, and, to say the least, in the presence of soldiers their military superiors are not to be reviled.

I notice a statement in one or two Opposition newspapers to the effect that the President intends, as soon as the election is over (that is, if he is reëlected), to adopt a more rigorous policy towards rebel sympathizers at the North. There is probably not a word of truth in this statement, except it be that the Administration will take a bolder stand in Kentucky and Missouri. The condition of affairs in Kentucky is alarming. Gov. Bramlette is in an attitude of revolt. He calls upon the citizens to overpower the soldiery if they make their appearance near the polls at any place. He is little short of a rebel. It is almost time for the government to measure swords with Gov. Bramlette. Either he or it must go to the wall. If Mr. Lincoln is reëlected, of course it is the puny Governor who will be ground to powder by the majestic progress of the war. If McClellan is elected, disintegration is not far off, and we shall see such men as Bramlette successful in all their plans.

The rumor that Gen. Banks is to take the place of Rosecrans in Missouri does not give the utmost satisfaction here. It is feared that Banks will ally himself with the Conservatives of Missouri. His administration of affairs in Louisiana is not of such a character as to give him the entire confidence of anti-slavery men, though, upon the whole, he has done very well. I very much doubt whether he will be sent to Missouri. When he was here Gen. Banks informed his most intimate friends that he was simply on leave, and should return to New Orleans after the election was over. I take it for granted that he will return, though there are some positive statements to the contrary.

The trial of Col. North for forging soldiers' ballots has attracted considerable attention here during the week. I do not believe the court will find Col. North guilty. The evidence against him has been all put in, and it certainly does not seem strong enough to convict. The Colonel takes his trial good-naturedly. At first he was somewhat alarmed, and looked not a little anxious on the day of his first appearance, but he has become accustomed to his novel position, and sits unconcernedly in the court-room, in spite of the many glances cast towards him by the strangers present. I understand that the President has not yet approved the sentence of the military commission in the case of Donohue and Ferry, who were tried at Baltimore. It is not improbable that their sentence, which was pretty severe, will be modified.

It is to be hoped that when the election is over the Administration will insist that the McClellan men in the various departments shall receive tickets-of-leave. There are hundreds of them, blatant young gentlemen, receiving their pay monthly from officials whom they openly denounce. A few days ago Mr. Stanton dismissed twenty clerks from the Quartermaster's Department—some on a charge of disloyalty, and others for intense zeal in their opposition to Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. One of them came directly to Mr. Stanton and asked him if he considered a man disloyal because he favored the election of Gen. McClellan. "By no means," was the reply, "but when a young man receives his salary from an Administration, and spends his evenings in denouncing it in the most offensive language, he cannot complain if that Administration chooses *one of its friends* to take his place! This is what I have done in your case." The young Copperhead had nothing to say.

The Quartermaster's Department is crowded with McClellanites. The War and Treasury Departments proper are very well cleaned of these men. How it is in the Interior Department I do not know, but I should suppose that few of Mr. Lincoln's political enemies find a refuge there. The policy of the Administration has been to avoid anything like proscription for the sake of opinion, and this was well enough during the canvass. It is time, however, that men who have spent the entire canvass in aiding to elect Gen. McClellan President should be removed from office under the present Administration. The majority of them have done so believing that they could retain their offices thereby, in case Gen. McClellan should succeed, and counting upon the exceeding generosity (shall I call it *stupidity?*) of the Administration, they expect to hold on to their places if Mr. Lincoln is reëlected. I am very much afraid they will succeed in their plans.

Washington is getting ready for Congress. The session will be a short one, but all the more lively for that. Three months of work will answer for all necessary legislation. The gay season never opens here till after Christmas, and in consequence it will this year only last two months. It will not be very *gay* if McClellan is elected, as the thousands of officeholders will have to prepare for departure. "How many Republicans will be left in the departments a year hence if McClellan is elected?" I asked of a Democrat of position here. "Not a dozen—I trust *not one*," was his reply. He went on to say that, in his opinion, the Administration had been foolishly generous to its opponents in some of the departments. There was never before an Administration which treated its opponents so magnanimously, yet the Opposition papers are filled with denunciations of the President, as if he were a tyrannical monster. The election puts an end to much of this exaggeration.

Avon.

The Slave's President.—Immediately after the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, Wendell Phillips exultantly declared in the Tremont Temple, "For the first time in our history the slave has chosen a President of the United States." A pretty strong, but yet a true statement; and if true of the election of 1860, how much *more* true is it of that of 1864! In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was pledged to non-interference with slavery in the States and to the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. Since then he has proclaimed the freedom of three million slaves, signed a bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law, and pledged his support to the Amendment of the Constitution forever prohibiting slavery on every foot of American soil. Truly, if the slave had no reason to be ashamed of his work in 1860, he may well exult over that which he has done in 1864.

SLAVERY AND THE REBELLION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

Before the New York Young Men's Republican Union, at the Cooper Institute, New York, on the Afternoon of Nov. 5, 1864.

Fellow-Citizens: In all the concerns of life, the first necessity is to see and comprehend the circumstances about us. Without this knowledge human conduct must fail. Without this knowledge the machine cannot be worked; the ground cannot be tilled; the ship cannot be navigated; war cannot be waged; government cannot be conducted. The old Greek, suddenly enveloped in a cloud while battling with his enemies, exclaimed, "Give me to see"; but this exclamation of the warrior is the exclamation, also, of every person in practical life, whether striving for his country or only for himself. "Give me to see," that I may comprehend my duty. "Give me to see," that I may recognize my enemy. "Give me to see," that I may know where to strike.

DIAGNOSIS ESSENTIAL.

The good physician, before any prescription for his patient, endeavors, by a careful diagnosis, to ascertain the nature of the disease or injury, and when this is done, he proceeds with confidence. Without such knowledge all medical skill must fail. You do not forget how it failed in the recent case of the Italian patriot, Garibaldi, suffering cruelly from a wound in the foot—received at the unfortunate battle of Aspromonte—which, for a long time, nobody seemed to understand. Eminent surgeons of different countries were at fault. At last, Nelaton, the liberal Professor of the Medical School at Paris, left his pupils and patients and journeyed into Italy to visit the illustrious sufferer. Other surgeons had said that there was no ball lodged in the foot; the French surgeon, after a careful diagnosis, declared that there was, and at once extracted it. From that time Garibaldi has gained in health and strength, thanks to his scientific visitor, who was enabled to understand his case.

NOT PARTY NOW BUT COUNTRY.

But nowhere is the diagnosis more important than in national affairs. Men are naturally patriotic. They love their country with instinctive love, quickened at the mother's knee, and nursed in the earliest teachings of the school. For country they offer fortune and life, but while thus devoted, they do not always see clearly the line of duty. Local prejudice, personal antipathy and selfish interest obscure the vision. And far beyond all these is the disturbing influence of "party," which acts with all the power of discipline and organization added to numbers. Men attach themselves to a political party as to a religion, and yield blindly to its behests. By an error of judgment, rather than of the heart, they give up to party what was meant for country or mankind. I do not condemn political parties, but simply warn against their tyranny. A patriotic Opposition, watchful of the public service, is hardly less important than a patriotic Administration. They are the complements of each other, and even while in open conflict, unite in duty to their country. But a political party which ceases to be patriotic, which openly takes sides with rebellion, which sends up "blue lights" as a signal to an armed foe, or which subtly undermines those popular energies that are now needed for the national defence that our country may live—such a party is an engine of frightful evil, to be abhorred "as the gates of hell." It is, unhappily, one of the evils of party always, even in its best estate, that it tends to dominate over its members, so as to create an oligarchical power, a sort of *imperium in imperio*, which may overshadow the government itself. But this influence becomes disastrous beyond measure when bad men obtain control or bad ideas prevail. Then must all who are not ready to forget their country consider carefully the consequences of their conduct. Adherence to party may be next door to treason.

Fellow-citizens, I address you as patriots who love their country and would not willingly see it suffer; who rejoice in its triumphs and long to behold its flag furled in peace. But it is the nature of a true patriotism to love country most when it is most in peril. As dangers thicken and the skies darken, the patriot soul is roused by internal fire so that no sacrifice seems too great. And now, when the national life is assailed by traitors at home, while foreign powers look on with wicked sympathy, I begin by asking that you should forget "party" and all its watchwords. Think only of country.

OBJECT OF THE WAR.

There is much misconception, even among well-meaning persons, with regard to the object of the war, while partisans do not tire of misrepresenting it. A plain statement will show the truth as it is.

It is often said that the object of the war on our part is simply to restore the Constitution, and much mystification is employed with regard to the essential limits of such a contest. Mr. Crittenden's resolution, adopted by both Houses of Congress, declared that the war was "not waged on our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, *nor purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of States;* but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union *with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired.*" I rejoice to remember that I did not vote for that resolution. It was unsatisfactory to me at the time and is more unsatisfactory now. While plausible in form, it was in the nature of a snare.

Again it is said that the object of the war is to abolish slavery. This also is a mistake, although it is generally urged by those who seek occasion to criticize the war, and, therefore, it is in the nature of a misrepresentation. At the begining of the war and during its early stages, slavery was left untouched in the enjoyment of a peculiar immunity, such as was accorded to no other rebel interest. If this peculiar immunity has been discontinued, it is only because slavery is at last seen in its true character, and because its absolute identity with the rebellion has come to be recognized.

Not to restore the Constitution, not to abolish slavery, do we now go forth to battle. For neither of these. But simply *to put down the rebellion.* It is this and nothing more. Never in history was there a war where the object was so manifest. If, in the process of putting down the rebellion, the Constitution shall be completely restored or slavery shall be completely abolished, the war will still be the same in its essential object.

ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

Look at its origin and you will see how its true character appears beyond question. Certain slave-masters, after long years of conspiracy, rose against the Republic and struck at its life. The reason assigned for this parricide was as strange as the deed. It was simply because the people of the United States, by a constitutional majority, according to the forms of law, had elected Abraham Lincoln as President. On this alleged reason, and to defeat his Administration, rebellion was organized. You are familiar with the succession of parricidal blows that ensued. State after State, beginning with South Carolina, always traitorous, undertook to withdraw from the Union. Their Senators and Representatives in Congress actually withdrew from the National Capitol, leaving behind menaces of war. Custom-houses, post-offices, mints, arsenals, forts—all possessions of the National government—one after the other, were seized by the rebel slave-masters. As early as 1st of January, 1861, while James Buchanan was President, the palmetto flag was hoisted over the custom-house and post-office at Charleston. It had already been hoisted over Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie in the harbor of Charleston, while the National force left in these fortresses surrendered to the rebel slave-masters. This was followed by the seizure of Fort Pulaski at Savannah, Fort Morgan at Mobile, Fort Jackson and Fort Petre at New Orleans, Fort Barrancas and Fort McRae, with the Navy-Yard at Pensacola. Throughout the whole rebel region two fortresses only remained to the National government. These were Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens. Already the steamer Star of the West, bearing reënforcements to the small garrison cooped up in Fort Sumter, had been fired at in the harbor of Charleston, and compelled to put back discomfited to New York. All this was war. Meanwhile the rebel States had taken the form of a confederacy, with slavery as its corner-stone, and had proceeded to organize an immense military force in the service of the rebellion. At last, after long-continued preparations, the rebel batteries opened upon Fort Sumter, which, after a defence of thirty-four hours, was compelled to surrender. There was rejoicing at the rebel Capital, and the rebel Secretary of War addressing an immense audience, let drop words which reveal the true character of the war. "No man," said he, "could tell where the war this day commenced would end, but he would prophesy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here would float over the old Capitol at Washington before the first of May. Let them try *Southern chivalry* and test the extent of Southern resources, and it might float eventually over Faneuil Hall itself." It was already the 12th April, and the rebel flag was to float over the National Capitol before the 1st of May. Surely it was time that something should be done in self-defence.

Thus far the National government had done nothing—absolutely nothing. It had received blow after blow; it had seen its possessions, one after another, wrested from its power; it had seen State after State assume the front of rebellion; it had seen the whole combined in a pseudo-confederacy, with a rebel President, surrounded by a rebel Cabinet and a rebel Congress; and it had bent under a storm of shot and shell from rebel batteries. At last it spoke, calling the country to arms. Search history, and you can find no instance of equal audacity on the part of rebels, and no instance of equal forbearance on the part of government.

WAR OF SELF-DEFENCE.

The country was called to arms. Nobody can forget that day when the people everywhere, inspired by patriotic ardor, rose in *necessary self-defence* to save the National Capital and Faneuil Hall already menaced. The war for the rebellion had begun long before; but it began for the country at that great uprising, when all seemed filled with one generous purpose and nobody hesitated. Men calling themselves Democrats vied with Republicans. Daniel S. Dickinson and Benjamin F. Butler made haste to join their country. Party differences were all forgotten as the tocsin sounded.

It was the tocsin summoning the country to defend itself. The war then and there recognized, was, on our part, a war of national defence, and its simple object was to put down the rebellion. You confuse yourself if you say that it was to restore the Constitution, and you misrepresent the fact if you say that it was to abolish slavery. It was for the suppression of the rebellion; nor more, nor less.

THE REBELLION AND SLAVERY ONE AND THE SAME.

Here, then, it becomes important to know and comprehend the true character of the rebellion, and especially its animating impulse, or soul. Its diagnosis has, from the beginning, been essential to the right conduct of the war, and if, at any time, the war has seemed to fail, or foreign powers have seemed to lower, it is because our government has not recognized the true character of the rebellion. "Give me to see," is the exclamation of every patriot, that our blows may not fail. It was obvious at once, to all familiar with history, that this rebellion stood out in bad eminence, unlike any other of which we have authentic record on earth; that it was not a dynastic struggle, as in the adventurous expeditions of the British Pretender; that it was not a religious struggle, as in the French wars of the League; that it was not a struggle against a conqueror, as in the repeated outbreaks of Ireland; that it was not a struggle for freedom, like that of Switzerland against Austria, of Holland against Spain, of our fathers against England, of the Spanish American States against Spain, and of Greece against Turkey; but that it had in it none of these elements, whether dynasty, religion or freedom, for it was simply a struggle for slavery; and so completely had slavery entered into and possessed it, that the rebellion was changed to itself. If you would find a parallel to this transcendent wickedness, you must pass "the flaming bounds of space and time" and look on that earliest rebellion, when Satan strove against the Almighty Throne, to establish the supremacy of sin, even as now this insensate rebellion strives to establish the supremacy of slavery. It is because partisans have failed to see the true character of the rebellion, or been unwilling to recognize it, that they have not felt how absurd it was to say that the war on our part has been changed, when nothing has been done but to recognize the identity between slavery and the rebellion. There has been no change. It is still a war to put down the rebellion; but we are in earnest, and are determined that the rebellion shall not save itself by skulking under the *alias* of slavery. Call it rebellion or call it slavery, it is one and the same.

TWO ELEMENTAL FORCES, SLAVERY AND LIBERTY, FACE TO FACE.

A glance, only, at the immediate origin of this war is enough for the present occasion. But, in order to dispel all darkness and to determine our duty, let me take you for a few moments back to the distant origin of the two elemental forces, which are now in deadly conflict.

Looking at the question abstractly, these two elemental forces are nothing but slavery and liberty. It is almost superfluous to add that these are natural enemies, and cannot exist together. Where slavery is there liberty cannot be; and where liberty is there slavery cannot be. To uphold slavery, there must be an uncompromising denial of liberty; to uphold liberty there must be an uncompromising denial of slavery. Each in self-defence must stifle the other. Therefore between the two there is constant hostility and undying hate. This eternal warfare is not peculiar to our country. It belongs to the nature of universal man. If it fails to show itself anywhere, it is because slavery has won its most detestable triumph, and blotted out the Heaven-born sentiment of freedom. Circumstances among us, going back to our earliest history, have given unprecedented activity to these two incompatible principles, and have at last brought them into bloody battle, face to face. But it is only a part of the universal conflict which must endure so long as a single slave shall wear a chain. Slavery itself is *a state of war*, ready to burst forth in blood whenever the slave reclaims that liberty which is his right, or whenever mankind refuses to sanction its inhuman pretensions.

THE SLAVE-SHIP, AND THE MAY FLOWER IN 1620.

Go back to the earliest days of colonial history, and you will find the conflict already preparing. It was in 1620, that nineteen slaves were landed at Jamestown in Virginia—the first that ever pressed the soil of our country. In that same year the pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Those two cargoes contained the hostile germs, which have ripened in our time. They fitly symbolize our gigantic strife. On the one side is the slave-ship, and on the other is the May-Flower. Early events derive importance as we learn to recognize their undoubted consequences, and these two ships may be regarded hereafter with additional interest when it is seen that in them were the beginnings of the present war.

Perhaps in all the romantic legends of the sea, there is nothing more striking than the contrast presented by these two vessels. Each had ventured forth upon an untried and perilous ocean to find an unknown and distant coast. In this they were alike; but in all else how unlike! One was freighted with human beings forcibly torn from their own country, and hurried away in chains to be sold as slaves. The other was filled with good men, who had voluntarily turned their backs upon their own country, to seek other homes, where at least they might be free. One was heavy with curses and with sorrow. The other resounded with hymns of praise, and with joyous congratulations. And thus, at the same time, beneath the same sun, over the same waves, they found their way. It requires no effort of imagination to see on board one of these ships Slavery, and on board of the other Liberty, traversing the ocean to continue here on this broad continent their immitigable war.

There is no record of what passed in the cabin of the slave-ship, before the landing of the slaves. The wail of slavery, the clank of chains, and the voice of the master counting the price of his cargo, there must have been. But the cabin of the May-Flower witnessed another scene, of which there is an authentic record, as the whole company, by solemn compact, deliberately constituted themselves a body politic, and set the grand example of a Christian Commonwealth, thus indicating the character which had been claimed for them, as "knit together in a strict and sacred bond by virtue of which they held themselves bound to take care of the good of each other and of the whole." And so these two voyages closed.

INFLUENCE OF THE TWO SHIPS.

Look at the early social life of the two warring sections, and you will see the influence of these two ships. Virginia continued to be supplied with slaves, so that slavery became a part of herself. On the other hand New England always set her face against slavery. To her great honor, in an age when slavery was less condemned than now, the Legislature of Massachusetts censured a ship-master who had "fraudulently and injuriously brought a negro from Guinea," and, by solemn vote, resolved that the negro should be "sent back without delay"; and not long after enacted the law of Exodus, "If any man stealeth a man, he shall surely be put to death." Thus at that early day stood Virginia and New England; for such at that time was the designation of the two provinces which divided British America by a line of demarkation very nearly coincident with the recent slave line of our Republic.

OPPOSITE CHARACTER OF THE SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND.

But the contrast between the two colonies, as illustrated by these two voyages, appears equally in the opposite character of their respective settlers. Like seeks like, and the Pilgrims of the May-Flower were followed by others of similar virtues—whose first labors on landing were to build churches and schools. Many of them had the best education of England; some were men of substance, and there was no poverty among them that could cause a blush, while all were most exact and exemplary in conduct. They were a branch from that grand Puritan stock, to which, according to the reluctant confession of Hume, "the English were indebted for the whole freedom of their Constitution." We are told by Burke that there is a sacred veil to be drawn over the beginnings of all governments, and that where this is not happily supplied by time, it must be found in a discreet silence. But no veil is needed for the Puritan settlers of New England. It is very different with the early settlers of Virginia, recruited from the castaways and shirks of Old England, and mostly needy men, of desperate fortunes and dissolute lives, who cared nothing for churches or schools. Such people naturally became slave masters. I should not lift the veil which charity would kindly draw over those early settlers, if a just knowledge of their character had not become important in illustrating the origin of our troubles.

ABSURD PRETENCE THAT VIRGINIA WAS SETTLED BY CAVALIERS.

It is a common boast of our slave-masters that they constitute a modern "chivalry," derived from the "cavaliers" of England and reinforced by the ennobling influences of African slavery. This boast has been so often repeated, that it has obtained a certain acceptance among those not familiar with our early history, and even well-informed persons have allowed themselves to say that the conflict in which we are now engaged is a continuance of the old war between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads. So far as it is intended to say that the war is a part of the ever recurring conflict between Slavery and Liberty, there can be no objection to this illustration. But if it be intended to say that the rebels are "cavaliers," or the descendants of cavaliers, there is just ground of objection. I know not if the armies of the Union, now fighting the world's greatest battle for Human Rights, may not be called Roundheads; but I am sure that the rebels, now fighting for slavery, cannot be called "cavaliers" in any sense. They are not so in character, as their barbarism attests. And they are as little so historically.

The whole pretension is a preposterous absurdity by which the country has been already too much deceived. It is not creditable to the general intelligence that such a folly should be allowed to play such a part. Unquestionably there were settlers in Virginia, as there were also in New England, connected with aristocratic families. But they were so few in each colony as not to modify essentially the prevailing population, which took its character from the mass rather than from any individual. The origin of Virginia is so well authenticated as to leave little doubt with regard to the character of its population, unless you reject all the concurrent testimony of contemporaries and all the concurrent admissions of historians. Perhaps there is nothing in our early history with regard to which the authorities are so various and so clear. From their very abundance it is difficult to choose.

TRUE CHARACTER OF SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA.

I begin with the early patron of Virginia, Lord Delaware, who, after visiting the colony, described the people there in a letter dated at Jamestown, July 7, 1610, as "men of distempered bodies and infected minds, whom no examples daily before their eyes, either of goodness or punishment, can deter from their habitual impieties or terrify from a shameful death." [*Strachey's History. Preface*, p. 32.] Language cannot be stronger.

But the colony, which began with bad men, was increased by worse. In 1619, King James wrote to the Virginia Company, commanding them "to send a hundred dissolute persons to Virginia, whom the knight marshal shall deliver." [*Strachey's History of Virginia.* Vol. 1, p. 168.] Thus by royal command was this colony made a Botany Bay.

The company, not content with the "hundred dissolute persons" supplied by the king's order, entreated for more, until Capt. John Smith, the hero of Virginia, was moved to express his disgust. He testifies to the evil when he wrote in 1622: "Since I came from thence, the honorable company have been humble suitors to his majesty *to get vagabond and condemned men* to go thither; nay, so much scorned was the name of Virginia, *some did choose to be hanged ere they would go thither, and were.*" [*Smith's New England Trials*, 1622.] This was bad enough.

But the Virginia Company seem to have been insensible to the shame of such a settlement. Its agents and orators vindicated the utility of the colony on this account. In a work entitled "*Nova Britannia*, offering most excellent fruits by planting in Virginia," published in London in 1609, and dedicated to "one of his majesty's council for Virginia," it was openly argued, that unless "swarms of idle persons in lewd and naughty practices" were sent abroad "we must provide shortly *more prisons and corrections* for their bad conditions"; and that it was "most profitable for our state to rid our multitudes of such as lie at home, pestering the land with pestilence and penury and infecting one another with vice and villany, worse than the plague itself." Dr. Donne, dean of St. Paul's, poet also, in a sermon "preached to the Honorable Company of the Virginia plantation 13th November, 1622," thus sets forth the merits of the colony: "The plantation shall redeem many a wretch from the laws of death; from the hands of the executioner. It shall sweep your streets and wash your doors from idle persons, and the children of idle persons, and employ them."

make the following most rueful confession: "Gentlemen reduced to poverty by gaming and extravagance, too proud to beg, too lazy to dig—broken tradesmen with some stigma of fraud yet clinging to their names—footmen, who had expended in the mother country the last shred of honest reputation that was ever held—rakes, consumed with disease and shattered in the service of impurity—libertines, whose race of sin was yet to run—and unruly sparks packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home—these were the men who came to aid in founding a nation and to transmit to posterity their own immaculate impress." [*Howison, History of Virginia*, Vol. 1, p. 169] And this same historian confesses that social life in Virginia, beginning in such baseness, after more than a century, had developed "an aristocracy neither of talent, nor learning, nor moral worth, but of land and slave interest." [*Ibid*, Vol. 2, p. 201.] So much for the testimony of history, even when written and printed in Virginia.

I know not the number of desperate persons shipped to Virginia; but there were enough to leave an indelible impression on the colony, and to give it a name in the literature of the time. It was this colony which suggested to Bacon the most pregnant words of one of his Essays; which furnished to DeFoe several striking passages in one of his romances; and which provoked Massinger to a dialogue in one of his dramas. Let me glance for one moment at these illustrations.

It is in the Essay on "Plantations" that Bacon thus brands the early settlement of Virginia: "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take *the scum of people and wicked condemned men* to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so but it *spoileth the plantation*, for they will ever live like rogues." [*Bacon's Essays*, 33] Surely there is nothing here out of which to construct a "cavalier."

In the narrative of Moll Flanders, the author of Robinson Crusoe, who gives to all his sketches such life-like character that they seem to be sun-pictures, exhibits this same colony. Here is a glimpse: "The greater part of the inhabitants were of two sorts, 1st, such as were brought over by the masters of the ships to be sold as servants; 2d, such as were transported, after having been found guilty of crimes punishable with death. When they come here we make no difference; the planters buy them, and they work together in the field till their time is out. * * * Hence many a Newgate-bird becomes a great man. We have several justices of the peace, officers of the trained bands and magistrates of the town they live in, that have been burnt in the hand. * * Some of the best men in the country are burnt in the hand, and are not ashamed to own it. There's Major ——, he was an eminent pickpocket; there's Justice Ba———r, he was a shoplifter. Both of them were burned in the hand: and I could name you several such as they are." [*Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders*, p. 88] Nothing is said here of "cavaliers."

I have referred to Massinger. Here is a curious bit from one of the grave comedies of that poet dramatist

"*Luke.*—It is but to Virginia.
Lady Frugal.—How! Virginia!
High Heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech you,
What creatures are shipped thither.
Anne.—Condemned wretches,
Forfeited to the law:
For the abomination of their life,
Spewed out of their own country."
The City Madam. Act V, Sc. 1.

Thus from every quarter the testimony accumulates. And yet we are constantly told that Virginia was settled by "cavaliers."

EARLY SETTLERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The territory now occupied by South Carolina originally constituted a part of Virginia. It was out of Virginia that it was carved into a separate colony. Although differing in some respects, the populations seem to have been kindred in character. Ramsay, the historian of the State, in a work published at Charleston, in 1809, says that "the emigrants were a medley of different nations and principles," and that among them were persons "who took refuge from the powers of fortune and the rigor of creditors; young men, reduced to misery by folly and excess"; and "restless spirits, fond of roving." To these were added Huguenots, driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. [*Ramsay's History of South Carolina*, pp. 2, 3, 5] But Graham tells us that, "not a trace of the existence of an order of clergymen is to be found in the laws of Carolina during the first twenty years of its history." [*History of the United States*. Vol. 2, p. 83] And another historian says that "the inhabitants, far from living in friendship and harmony among themselves, were seditious and ungovernable." [*Hewitt's History of South Carolina*. Vol. 1, p. 104.] Such a people were naturally insensible to moral distinctions, so that, according to Hewitt, "pirates were treated with great civility and friendship," and "by bribery and corruption, they often found favor with the provincial juries, and by this means escaped the hands of justice." All of which is declared by the historian to be "evidences of the licentious spirit which prevailed in the colony." [Ibid, pp. 92, 115.] Graham uses still stronger language, when he says, "the governor, the proprietors, deputies and the principal inhabitants, degraded themselves to a level with the vilest of mankind, by abetting the crimes of pirates and becoming receivers of their nefarious acquisitions." [*History of United States*. Vol. 2, p. 121.] Such is the testimony with regard to South Carolina. To call such a people "cavaliers" is an abuse of terms.

THE "CAVALIER" PRETENSION DISMISSED TO CONTEMPT.

I hope that I have not taken too much time in exposing a vain-glorious pretension, which has helped to give the rebellion a character of respectability it does not deserve. I dismiss it to general contempt, as one of the lies by which slavery, the greatest lie of all, has been recommended to weak persons who could be deceived by names. But you will not fail to remark how naturally slavery flourished among such a congenial people. Convicts and wretches who had set at nought all rights of property and all decency were the very people to set up the revolting pretension of property in man.

CONFLICT BETWEEN SLAVERY AND LIBERTY.

I come back to the postulate with which I began, that the present war is simply a conflict between Slavery and Liberty. This is a plain statement, which will defy contradiction. To my mind it is more satisfactory than that other statement, which is often made, that it is a conflict between Aristocracy and Democracy. This in a certain sense is true; but from its generality it is less effective than a more precise and restricted statement. It does not disclose the whole truth; for it does not exhibit the unique and exceptional character of the pretensions which we combat. For centuries there has been a conflict between Aristocracy and Democracy, or, in other words, the few on one side have been perpetually striving to rule and oppress the many. But now for the first time in the world's annals a people professing civilization has commenced war to uphold the intolerable pretension *to compel labor without wages*, and that most disgusting incident, the whipping of women and the selling of children. Call these pretenders aristocrats or oligarchs if you will; but do not forget that their aristocracy or oligarchy is the least respectable of any ever attempted, and is so entirely modern that it is antedated by the Durham bull Hubback, the short-horn progenitor of the oligarchy of cattle, and by the stallion Godolphin, the Arabian progenitor of the oligarchy of horses, both of which may be traced to the middle of the last century. And do not forget that, if you would find a prototype in brutality, you must turn your back upon civilized history, and repair to those distant islands where wars have had their origin in cannabalism, or go to barbarous Africa, which has been kept in barbarism by wars for slavery.

LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Thus it stands. The conflict is directly between Slavery and Liberty. But because slavery aims at the life of the republic, the conflict involves our national existence; and because our national death would be the despair of liberty everywhere, it involves this great cause throughout the world. And yet I would not for one moment lose sight of the special enemy; for our energies can be properly directed only when we are able to confront him. "Give me to see," said the old Greek; and this must be our exclamation now.

SLAVERY A DISTURBER ALWAYS.

Slavery, from the beginning, has been a disturber, and it is now a red-handed traitor. I do not travel back before the revolution; but starting from that great event, I show you slavery always offensive, and forever thrusting itself in the path of national peace and honor. The Declaration of Independence, as originally prepared by Jefferson, contained a vigorous passage denouncing king George for his patronage of the slave trade. The slave-masters insisted upon striking it out, and it was struck out; and here was their first victory. At the adoption of the Federal Constitution they insisted upon the recognition of the slave trade as the condition of Union; and here was another victory. In the earliest Congress, under the Constitution, they commenced the menace of disunion, and this menace was continued at every turn of public affairs, especially at every proposition or even petition touching slavery, until it triumphed signally in that atrocious Fugitive Slave Bill, which made all the free States a hunting-ground for slaves. Throughout these contests slavery was vulgar, brutal, savage, while its braggart orators and chaplains heralded its claims. Hogarth, in his famous picture of Bruin, painted slavery when he portrayed an immense grizzly bear hugging, as if he loved it, an enormous gnarled bludgeon, with a brand of infamy labelled on every knot, such as *Lie Twelve, Lie Fifteen*, and about his throat a clerical band, torn, crumpled and awry. In the States where it flourished, speech and press were both despoiled of their freedom, and the whole country seemed to be fast sinking under its degrading tyranny. Everything in science, or history, or Church, or State, was bent to its support. There was a new political economy, which taught the superiority of slave labor; a new ethnology, which excluded the slave from the family of man; a new heraldry, which admitted the slave-master to the list of nobles; a new morality, which vindicated the rightfulness of slavery; a new religion, which recognized slavery as a missionary enterprise; a new theodicy, which placed slavery under the sanctions of divine benevolence; and a new Constitution, which installed slavery in the very citadel of our liberties. By such strange inventions the giant felony fortified itself. At last it struck at the pioneers of liberty in Kansas. There was its first battle. The next was when it took up arms against the National government and rallied all its forces in bloody rebellion. Thus is this rebellion, by unquestionable pedigree, derived from slavery, and the parent lives in the offspring.

REBELLION IS BELLIGERENT SLAVERY.

Therefore, if you are in earnest against the rebellion, you must be in earnest, also, against slavery; for the two are synonymous or convertible terms. The rebellion is nothing but slavery in arms. It is belligerent slavery.

TO SAVE THE COUNTRY, WE MUST STRIKE OUT SLAVERY.

It is when we see the rebellion as it is, in its true light, face to face, that we see our whole duty. Then must the patriot, whatever may have been his personal prejudices or party associations, insist, at all hazards, that slavery shall not be suffered to escape from that righteous judgment which is the doom of the rebellion. No false tenderness, no casuistry of politics must intrude to save it anywhere; for you cannot save slavery anywhere without just to that extent saving the rebellion. Show me anywhere a sympathizer with slavery and I will show you a sympathizer with the rebellion.

Our duty is clear. In the sacred service of patriotism nothing can be allowed to stand in the way. Fortress, camp, citadel, each and all must be overcome; but the animating soul of every fortress, camp or citadel throughout the rebellion is slavery. Surely, when the country is in danger, there can be no hesitation. And as the greater contains the less, so this greatest charity of country embraces for the time all other charities.

There is another advantage in striking at slavery which must not be forgotten. Such a blow is in strict obedience to the laws of nature, and we are reminded by the great master of thought, Lord Bacon, that only through such obedience can victory be won—*vincit parendo*. It is in conformity, also, with all the attributes of God, so that his Almighty Arm will give strength to the blow. Thus do we bring our efforts at once in harmony with the sublime laws, physical and moral, which govern the universe, while every good influence, every breath of heaven and every prayer of man is on our side. We also bring ourselves in harmony with our own Declaration of Independence, so that all its early promises become a living letter, and our country is at last saved from that practical inconsistency which has been a heavy burden in her history.

PROPOSED SURRENDER TO SLAVERY.

To do all this seems so natural and so entirely according to the dictates of patriotism that we may well be astonished that it should meet opposition. But there is a wide-spread political party, which, true to its history, now comes forward to save belligerent slavery at this last moment, when it is about to be trampled out forever. Not to save the country but to save belligerent slavery is the object of the misnamed Democracy. Asserting the war, in which so much has been done, to be a failure; forgetting the vast spaces it has already reclaimed, the rivers it has opened, the ports it has secured and the people it has redeemed; handing over to contempt the officers and men, living and dead, who have waged its innumerable battles—this political party openly proposes surrender to the rebellion. I do not use too strong language. It is actual surrender and capitulation that is proposed, in one of two forms—(1) either by acknowledging the rebel States, so that they shall be treated as independent, or (2) by acknowledging slavery, so that it shall be restored to its old supremacy over the National government, with additional guarantees. The different schemes of opposition are all contained in one or the other of these two propositions.

TWO PROPOSITIONS OF SURRENDER.

If we examine these two propositions we shall find them equally flagitious and impracticable. Both allow the country to be sacrificed for the sake of slavery; one, by breaking the Union in pieces that a new Slave Power may be created, and the other by continuing the Union that the old Slave Power may enjoy its sway and masterdom. Both pivot on slavery; one acknowledges the Slave Power *out of the Union*; the other acknowledges the Slave Power *in the Union*.

Glance, if you please, at these two different forms of surrender.

SURRENDER BY ACKNOWLEDGING THE REBEL STATES.

I. And, *first, of surrender by acknowledging the rebel States*, so that they shall be independent. How futile to think that there can be any consent to the establishment of a Slave Power carved out of our republic. Such a surrender would begin in shame; but it would also begin, continue and end in troubles and sorrows which no imagination can picture.

ABANDONMENT OF UNIONISTS AND SLAVES IN REBEL STATES IMPOSSIBLE.

(1) I do not dwell on the shame that would cover our republic, but I ask, on the threshold, how you would feel in abandoning to the tender mercies of the rebellion all those who, from sentiment or conviction or condition, now look to the National government as a deliverer. This topic has not, it seems to me, been sufficiently impressed upon the country. Would that I could make it sink deep into your souls. There are the Unionists shut up within the confines of the rebellion, and unable to help themselves. They can do nothing, not even cry out, until the military power of the rebellion is crushed. Let this be done; let the rebel grip be unloosed, and you will hear their voices, as joyously and reverently they hail the national flag. And there are the slaves, also, to whom the rebellion is an immense, deep-moated, thick-walled, heavy-bolted Bastile, where a whole race is blinded, manacled and outraged. But these, again, are powerless so long as rebel sentinels keep watch and ward over them. To these two classes in the rebel States we have from the beginning owed a solemn duty, which can be performed only by perseverance to the end. The patriot Unionists, who have kept their loyalty in solitude and privation, like the early Christians concealed in catacombs, and the slaves, also, who have been compelled to serve their cruel task-masters, must not be sacrificed.

Perhaps there is no character in which the National government may more truly exult than that of Deliverer. Rarely in history has such a duty, with its attendant glory, been so clearly imposed. The piety of the early ages found vent in the Crusades, those wonderful enterprises of valor and of travel, which exercised such a transforming influence over modern civilization. But our war is not less important. It is a crusade, not to deliver the tomb, but to deliver the living temples of the Lord, and it is destined to exercise a transforming influence beyond any crusade in history.

A BOUNDARY LINE IMPOSSIBLE.

(2.) But if you agree to abandon the patriots and the slaves in the rebel States, you will only begin your infinite difficulties. How will you determine the boundary line which is to cleave this continent in twain? Where shall the god Terminus be allowed to plant his altar? What States shall be left at the North in the light of Liberty? What States shall be consigned to the gloom of slavery? Surely no swiftness to surrender can make you surrender Maryland, now redeemed by the votes of citizen soldiers; nor West Virginia, admitted as a free State into the Union; nor Missouri, which has been made the dark and bloody ground. And how about Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana? There also is the Mississippi, now once more free from its fountains to the sea. Surely this mighty river will not again be compelled to wear chains.

These inquiries simply open the difficulties to be encountered in this endeavor. If there were any natural boundary, constituting in itself a barrier and an altar, or if during long generations any Chinese wall had been built for fifteen hundred miles across the continent, then perhaps there might be a dividing line. But nature and history, by solemn decrees, have fixed it otherwise, and have marked this broad land from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, for one Country, with one Liberty, one Constitution, and one Destiny.

TERMS OR CONDITIONS OF PEACE IMPOSSIBLE.

(3.) But if the boundary line is settled, then will arise the many-headed question of terms and conditions. On what terms and conditions can peace be stipulated? The exulting rebels, whose new empire is founded on the corner-stone of slavery, will naturally exact promises for the rendition of fugitive slaves. Are you who have just emancipated yourselves from this obligation ready to renew it, and to repeat again an inexpiable crime? But, if you do not, how can you expect peace? Then, it will remain to determine the commercial relations between the two separate governments, with rights of transit and travel. If you think that rebels, flushed with success, and scorning their defeated opponents, will come to any practical terms—any terms which will not leave our commerce and all who are engaged in it exposed to outrage—you place a trust in their moderation which circumstances thus far do not justify. The whole idea is little better than an excursion to the moon, in a car drawn by geese, as described by the Spanish poet.

Long before the war, and especially in the discussions which preceded it, these rebels were fiery and most unscrupulous. War has not made them less so. The moral sense which they wanted when it began has not been enkindled since. With such a people there is no chance of terms and conditions, except according to their lawless will. The first surrender on our part will be the signal to a long line of surrenders, each of which will be a catastrophe.

PEACE AFTER RECOGNITION IMPOSSIBLE.

(4.) But suppose the shameful sacrifice consummated the impossible boundaries adjusted, and the illusive terms and conditions stipulated, do you imagine that you have obtained peace? Alas! no. Nothing of the sort. You may call it peace; but it will be war in disguise, ready to break forth in perpetual, chronic, bloody battle. Such an extended inland border, separating slavery from liberty, will be a constant temptation, not only to enterprises of smuggling, but to hostile incursions, so that our country will be obliged to sleep on its arms, ready to spring forward in self-defence. Every frontier town will be a St. Albans. Military preparations, absorbing the resources of the people, will become permanent instead of temporary, and the arts of peace will yield to the arts of war. The national character will be changed, and this hospitable continent, instead of being the prosperous home of the poor and friendless, thronging from the Old World, will become a repulsive scene of confusion and strife, while "each new day a gash is added to her wounds."

Have we not war enough now? Are you so enamored of funerals, where the order of nature is reversed, and parents follow their children to the grave, that you are willing to keep a constant carnival for death? Oh! no. You all desire peace. But there is only one way to secure it. You must so conduct the present war that when once ended there shall be no remaining element of discord, no surviving principle of battle, out of which future war can spring. Above all belligerent slavery must not be allowed to rear its crest, as an independent power.

DISUNION BY RECOGNITION IS GENERAL ANARCHY.

(5.) But there is another consequence which must not be omitted. War would not be confined to the two governments representing respectively the two hostile principles, Slavery and Liberty. It would rage with internecine fury among ourselves. Admit that States may fly out of the Union and where will you stop? Other States may follow, it may be in groups, or it may be singly, until our mighty galaxy is broken into separate stars or dissolved into the nebular compost of a people without form or name. Where, then, is country? Where, then, will be those powerful States, which are now the pride of civilization and the hope of mankind? Handed over to ungovernable frenzy, without check or control, until anarchy and chaos are supreme—as with the horses of the murdered Duncan, which, at the assasination of their master,

"Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
'Tis said, they eat each other."

Already our European enemies, looking to their desires for inspiration, predict a general discord. Sometimes it is said that there are to be four or five new nations; that the North-West is to be a nation by itself; the Middle States another; the Pacific States another, and our New England States still another, so that rebel slavery will be the predominant power on this continent. But it is useless to speculate on the number of these fractional governments. If disunion is allowed to begin it cannot be stopped. Misrule and confusion will be everywhere. Our fathers saw this at the adoption of the National Constitution, when, in a rude sketch of the time, they pictured the thirteen States as so many staves, which were bound by the hoops into a barrel. Let a single stave be taken out, and the whole barrel falls to pieces. It is easy to see how this must occur with States. The triumph of the rebellion will be not only the triumph of belligerent slavery, but it will be also the triumph of State Rights, to this extent, first, that any State in the exercise of its own lawless will, may abandon its place in the Union, and secondly, that the constitutional verdict of the majority, as in the election of Abraham Lincoln, is not binding. With these two rules of conduct, in conformity with which the rebellion was organized, there can be no limit to disunion. Therefore, when you consent to the independence of the rebel States, you disband the whole company of States, and blot our country from the map of the world.

SURRENDER BY ACKOWLEDGING SLAVERY.

II. I have said enough of surrender by the recognition of the slave States, or in other words of the Slave Power *out of the Union*. It remains now that I should ask your attention to that other form of surrender which proposes the *recognition of the Slave Power in the Union*. Each is surrender. The first, as we have already seen, abandons a part of the Union to the Slave Power; the other subjects the whole Union to the Slave Power.

It is proposed that the rebel States should be tempted to lay down their arms by a recognition of slavery in the Union, with new guaranties and assurances of protection. *Slavery cannot exist in any country which it does not govern.* Therefore, we are to ask the rebel slave-masters to come back and consent to govern us. Such in plain terms is the surrender proposed. For one, I will never consent to any such intolerable rule.

But the whole proposition is not less pernicious than that other form of surrender; nor is it less shameful. It is insulting to reason, and offensive to good morals.

IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE IT IS A COMPROMISE.

(1.) I say nothing of the ignominy it would bring upon the country; but call attention at once to its character as a compromise. In the dreary annals of slavery it is by compromise that the slave-masters have succeeded in warding off the blows of liberty. It was a compromise by which that early condemnation of the slave trade was excluded from the Declaration of Independence; it was a compromise which surrounded the slave trade with protection in the National Constitution; it was a compromise which secured the admission of Missouri as a slave State; and, without stopping to complete the list, it is enough to say that it was a compromise by which the atrocious Fugitive Slave Bill was fastened upon the country, and the Slave Power was installed in the National government. And now, after the overthrow of the Slave Power at the ballot-box, followed by years of cruel war, another compromise, greatest of all, is proposed, by which belligerent slavery, dripping with the blood of our murdered fellow-citizens, shall be welcomed to more than its ancient supremacy. Where is national honor that the criminal peti-foggers are not at once repudiated? Where is national virtue that such a surrender should be proposed?

This proposition is as specious in form as baleful in substance. It is said that the rebel slave-masters should have their "rights under the Constitution." To this plausible language is added the phrase, "the Constitution as it is." All this means slavery and nothing else. It is for slavery that men resort to this odious duplicity. Thank God! the game is understood.

IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE SLAVERY HAS FALLEN, LEGALLY AND CONSTITUTIONALLY.

(2.) But any compromise which shall recognize slavery in the rebel States is impossible, even if you were disposed to accept it. Slavery by the very act of rebellion, ceased to exist, legally or constitutionally. It ceased to exist according to principles of public law and also according to a just interpretation of the Constitution; and having once ceased to exist it cannot be revived.

When I say that it ceased to exist *legally*, I found myself on an unquestionable principle of public law, that slavery is a peculiar local institution, without any origin in natural right, and deriving its support exclusively from the local government; but if this be true—and it cannot be denied—then slavery must have fallen with that local government.

When I say that it ceased to exist *constitutionally*, I found myself on the principle that slavery is of such a character that it cannot exist within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Constitution, as for instance in the National Territories, and that therefore it died constitutionally when, through the disappearance of the local government, it fell within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Constitution.

The consequences of these two principles are most important. Taken in conjunction with the rule, that "once free always free," they illustrate the impossibility of any surrender to belligerent slavery *in the Union*.

IMPOSSIBLE, ON ACCOUNT OF PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

(3.) If, in the zeal of surrender, you reject solemn principles of public law and Constitution, then let me remind you of the proclamation of Emancipation, where the President, by virtue of the power vested in him as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, ordered that the slaves in the rebel States, "are and henceforward shall be free," and the Executive government, including the military and naval authorities, are pledged to "recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons." By the terms of this instrument, it is applicable to all the slaves in the rebel States; not merely to those within the military lines of the United States; but to all. Even if the President were not bound in simple honesty to maintain this proclamation to the letter, he has not the power to undo it. He may make a freeman, but he cannot make a slave. Therefore he must reject all surrender, inconsistent with this act of Emancipation.

It is sometimes said that the Court will set aside the proclamation. Do not believe it. The Court will do no such thing. It will recognize this act precisely as it recognizes other political and military acts, without presuming to interpose any unconstitutional *veto*, and it will recognize it to the full extent, as it was intended, according to its letter, so that every slave in the rebel States will be free. But even if courts should hesitate, there can be no hesitation with the President or with the country, bound in sacred honor to the freedom of every slave in the rebel States. Therefore, against every effort of surrender, the proclamation presents an insuperable barrier.

IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE IT WOULD NOT BRING PEACE.

(4.) But if you are willing to descend to the unutterable degradation of renouncing the proclamation, then in the name of peace, do I protest against any such surrender. So long as slavery exists in the Union, there can be no peace. The fires which seem to be extinguished will only be covered by treacherous ashes, out of which another conflagration may spring to wrap the country in war. This must not be.

It is because slavery is not understood, that people are willing to tolerate it. See it as it is, and there can be no question. Slavery has in it all common crimes. The slave-master is burglar, for by night he enters forcibly into the house of another; he is highway robber, for he stops another on the road and compels him to surrender his purse; he is pickpocket, for he picks the pocket of his slave; he is sneak, for there is no pettiness of petty larceny which he does not employ; he is horse-stealer, for he takes from his slave the horse that is his; he is adulterer, for he takes from the slave the wife that is his; he is the receiver of stolen goods on the grandest scale, for the human being that has been stolen from Africa, he foolishly calls his own. When I describe a slave-master, it is simply as he describes himself in the law which he sanctions. All crime is in slavery, and so every criminal is reproduced in the slave-master. And yet it is proposed to give to this whole class not only new license for their crimes, but a new lease of their power. Such a surrender would be only the beginning of long-continued, unutterable troubles breaking forth in bloodshed and sorrow without end.

IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE SLAVERY IS THE REBELLION.

(5.) But, lastly, this surrender cannot be made without surrender to the rebellion. Already I have exhibited the identity between slavery and the rebellion; and yet it is proposed to recognize slavery in the Union. Such a recognition will be the recognition of the rebellion.

The whole thing is impossible, and not to be tolerated. Too much blood has been shed, and too much treasure has been lavished, to allow this war to close with any such national stultification. The rebellion must be crushed, whether in the guise of war, or under the *alias* of slavery. It must be trampled out so that it can never show itself again, or prolong itself into another generation. Not to do this completely, is not to do it at all. Others may do as they please, but I wash my hands of this great responsibility. History will not hold such surrender blameless. "An orphan's curse would drag to hell a spirit from on high"; but the orphans of this war must all curse the man who would consent to see its blood and treasure end in nought.

NO SURRENDER TO SLAVERY.

Such are the grounds for the repudiation of all surrender to slavery *in the Union*. I have already shown that there can be no surrender to slavery *out of the Union*. In either alternative surrender is impossible; but even if it were possible, it would be most perilous and degrading.

PLATFORMS AND CANDIDATES.

Thus far I have said nothing of platforms or candidates. I have desired to present the issue of principle, so that the patriot could choose without any embarrassment for from party associations. Pardon me now if one moment I bring platforms and candidates to the touchstone.

There is the Baltimore platform, with Abraham Lincoln as candidate. No surrender here. In one resolution it is declared that the war must be prosecuted "with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the rebellion." In another it is declared "that as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the republic." There is salvation in these words, which pronounce the doom of slavery in the name of justice and the national safety. The candidate has solemnly accepted them, not only when he accepted his nomination, but yet again, when, in the discharge of his official duties, he said briefly "To all whom it may concern," that there could be no terms of peace, except on the condition of "the integrity of the Union and the abandonment of slavery." In that letter of the President, unquestionably the best he ever wrote, it is practically declared, in conformity with the Baltimore platform, that there can be no surrender to slavery in the Union or out of the Union.

Turn to the Chicago platform and its candidate, and what a contrast! There is surrender in both forms. The platform surrenders to slavery out of the Union, and, in proposing a "cessation of hostilities," prepares the way for the recognition of the rebel States. The candidate, in a letter accepting the nomination, surrenders to slavery in the Union. The platform plainly looks to disunion. The letter seems to look to Union; but whether it looks to Union or not, it plainly surrenders to slavery.

But there is still another surrender in the Chicago platform. While professing a formal devotion to the Union it declines to insist upon "national unity," or "a Union on a basis of the Constitution of the United States." No such terms are employed; but we are invited to seek peace "on the basis of the Federal Union of the States," so that according to this platform it is not the National Union—that Union of the people—accepted by Washington and defended by Webster, which we are to have, but a "Federal Union of States," where State sovereignty, as accepted by John C. Calhoun and defended by Jefferson Davis, will be supreme; and all this simply for the sake of slavery.

Look at the Chicago platform or candidate as you will, and you are constantly brought back to slavery as the animating impulse. Look at the Baltimore platform or candidate, and you are constantly brought back to liberty as the animating impulse. And thus again slavery and liberty stand face to face—the slave ship against the May-Flower.

There is a contrast between the two platforms which ought not to be forgotten. That of Chicago, while saying nothing against the rebellion, uses ambiguous language which is interpreted differently by different persons, while that of Baltimore is so plain and unequivocal that it leaves no room for question. But this contrast is greater still, when we look at the two candidates. Perhaps it never was presented between two candidates to the same extent. The Chicago candidate has written a subtle letter, which is interpreted according to the desires of its readers. Some find peace in it, and others find war. And this double-faced proceeding is his bid for the Presidency. I need not remind you that our candidate has never uttered a word of duplicity, and that his speeches and letters can be interpreted only in one way. And such are the two representatives of slavery and liberty.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

Fellow-citizens, such is the issue of principle; such are the platforms and candidates. And, now, I ask, fearlessly, are you for slavery, or are you for liberty? Or, changing the form of the question, are you for the rebellion, or are you for your country? For this is the question which you must answer by your votes. In your answer, do not forget, I entreat you, its infinite, far-reaching, many-sided importance. This is no ordinary election. It is a battle-field of the war; and victory at the polls will insure victory everywhere. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, all are watching for it. Their trumpets are ready to echo back our election bells.

GRANDEUR OF THE CAUSE.

In every aspect the contest is vast. It is vast in its relations to our own country; it is vaster still in its relations to other countries. Overthrow slavery here, and you overthrow it everywhere—in Cuba, Brazil, and wherever a slave clanks his chain. The whole execrable pretension of "property in man," wherever it now shows its hideous front, will be driven back into its kindred night. Nor is this all. Overthrow slavery here and our republic ascends to untold heights of power and grandeur. Thus far its natural influence has been impaired by slavery. Let this shameful burthen be dropped, and our example will be the day-star of the world. Liberty, everywhere, in all her struggles, will be animated anew, and the down-trodden in distant lands will hail the day of deliverance. But let slavery prevail, and our republic will drop from its transcendent career, while the cause of liberal institutions in all lands will be darkened. There have been great battles in the past, on which human progress has been staked. There was Marathon, when the Persian hosts were driven back from Greece; there was Tours, when the Saracens were arrested in their victorious career by Charles Martel; there was Lepanto, when the Turks were brought to a stand in their conquests; there was Waterloo. But our contest is grander. We are fighting for national life, assailed by belligerent slavery; but such is the solidarity of nations, and so are mankind knit together, that our battle is now for the liberty of the world. The voice of victory here will resound through the universe.

Never was grander cause or sublimer conflict. Never holier sacrifice. Who is not saddened at the thought of the precious lives that have been given to Liberty's defence? The soil of the rebellion is soaked with patriot blood; its turf is bursting with patriot dead. Surely they have not died in vain. The flag which they upheld will continue to advance. But this depends upon your votes. Therefore, for the sake of that flag, and for the sake of the brave men that bore it, now sleeping where no trumpet of battle can wake them, stand by the flag.

Tell me not of "failure" in this war. There can be but one failure and that is the failure to make an end of slavery; for on this righteous consummation everything depends. Let liberty be with us, and no power can prevail against us. Let slavery be acknowledged, and there is no power which will not mock and insult us. Such is the teaching of history, in one of its greatest examples. Napoleon, when compelled to exchange his empire for a narrow island prison, exclaimed in bitterness of spirit, "it is not the coalition which has dethroned me; it is liberal ideas." It was not the European coalition, marshalling its forces from the Don to the Orkneys, that drove the man of destiny from his lofty throne; but it was that liberty which he had offended. He saw and confessed the terrible antagonist, when he cried out, "I cannot reëstablish myself; I have shocked the people; I have sinned against *liberal ideas*, and I perish." Memorable words of instruction and warning. It is ideas that rule the world, and, unlike batteries and battalions, they cannot be destroyed or cut to pieces. Let us so conduct this contest that we shall not shock mankind or sin against liberty. Let us so conduct it that we shall have Providence on our side. Nature has placed the eye in the front, that we may look *forward and upward*: and it is only by a contortion that we are able to look behind. Therefore, in looking forward and upward, we follow nature. There was an ancient adventurer who looked behind as he was escaping from the realms of death, and he failed. We, too, shall fail if we look behind. Forward, not backward, is the word; firmly, courageously, faithfully. There must be no false sentiment or cowardice. There must be no fear of "irritating" the rebels. When the Almighty Power hurled Satan and his impious peers

"—— headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,"

there was no Chicago platform, proposing "a cessation of hostilities, with a view to a convention or other peaceable means"; nor was there any attempt to save the traitors from Divine vengeance. Personal injuries we may forgive; but government cannot always forgive. There are cases where pardon is out of place. Society that has been outraged must be protected. That beautiful land, now degraded by slavery, must be redeemed, and a generous statesmanship must fix forever its immutable condition. If the chiefs of the rebellion are compelled to give way to emigrants from the North and from Europe, swelling population, creating new values, and opening new commerce; if the "poor whites" are reinstated in their rights; if a whole race is lifted to manhood and womanhood; if roads are extended; if schools are planted—there will be nothing done inconsistent with that just clemency which I rejoice to consider a public duty. Liberty is the best cultivator, the surest teacher and the most enterprising merchant. The whole country will confess the new-born power, and those commercial cities which now sympathize so perversely with belligerent slavery, will be among the earliest to enjoy the quickening change. Beyond all question the overthrow of this portentous crime, besides its immeasurable contributions to civilization everywhere, will accomplish two things of direct material advantage; first, it will raise the fee-simple of the whole South, and secondly, it will enlarge the commerce of the whole North.

I turn from these things in humble gratitude to God, as I behold my country at last redeemed and fixed in history, the Columbus of Nations, once in chains, but now hailed as benefactor and discoverer, who gave a New Liberty to mankind. Foreign powers already watch the scene with awe. Saints and patriots from their home in the skies look down with delight; and Washington, who set free his own slaves, exults that the republic which revered him as Father has followed his example.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. E. Chapman, No. 5 South-Fifth street.

Money received on account of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and forwarded to the publication office at New York as usual. Single numbers of the STANDARD for sale only at the Book Store of T. B. Pugh, South-west corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. See his advertisement.

Office hours from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS CHEERING FOR FREE MARYLAND.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

As an appendix to Mrs. Child's letter in the STANDARD of last week, I would like to see a notice of an incident which happened in Baltimore on Monday evening, the 31st ult. The Massachusetts 42d Regt. were returning from Alexandria, and being detained in Baltimore for want of cars for transportation till after 12 o'clock, midnight, it was suggested that the joyful hour, bringing Freedom to all the inhabitants of the State, should not pass without a welcome and a cheer from Massachusetts. With the hearty consent of the Colonel of the regiment, the Band were roused, and stepping into the street, they played "America," "Yankee Doodle," and other patriotic airs. Rev. Mr. Galvin of Brookfield (a Lieutenant in the regiment) made a short speech, congratulating Maryland, and rejoicing that Massachusetts should be the first to welcome her as a Free State, and called for three cheers which were given with a will.

I, being a woman, threw up my handkerchief, and rejoiced that I could be present upon an occasion of such moment.

S. R. M.

CHILDREN, LOOK HERE!—Mrs. Sarah Russell May, of Leicester, Mass., having recently visited the schools for Freedmen in Alexandria, writes us as follows:

"The school-house which the colored people have built for their children in Alexandria needs maps, black-boards, pictures, etc. I promised to interest the Massachusetts children to raise money to buy these for them and send them as their gift. If the children in the larger towns would give 5 or 10 cents each, a little fund could soon be raised, and the articles forwarded to them before Christmas. If you think well of it, and will propose something of the kind, I will receive any sums sent to me either here (Leicester, Mass.) or at 221 Washington street, Boston."

We commend Mrs. May's suggestion to the children of every family in which the STANDARD is read, and hope they will send their contributions to her promptly for the object proposed.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The principal item of the news this week is the capture of the pirate ship Florida, by the U. S. gunboat Wachusett, in the port of Bahia, Oct. 7. Part of the Florida's crew have arrived at Boston, on board the Kearsarge, and the piratical craft is on her way to New York.

On the 27th of October, Lieut. W. B. Cushing, a young naval officer, went up the Roanoke river, in North Carolina, with a torpedo-boat, and blew up the famous ram Albemarle.

The rebels essayed a night attack upon Gen. Grant's lines on Saturday, Oct. 29, and obtained a temporary success under cover of the darkness, but were afterward repulsed with considerable loss, and have since remained in their own quarters.

The rebel army has been chased out of Georgia, and at last accounts was in Northern Alabama trying to cross into Tennessee. The first attempt of the enemy to cross the Tennessee was defeated last week, after a sharp fight. Sherman is behind, and Thomas is in front. So the enemy are in a position to be squeezed.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

GEN BUTLER THANKING HIS TROOPS.

Gen. Butler has issued a spirited "General Order of Congratulation" dated at the headquarters of the "Army of the James, before Richmond," in which he reviews the services of his soldiers from the 20th of May to the present time, honors the gallant dead, praises the bravery of the living, and metes out justice to all, not forgeting the willing colored soldiers, of whom he speaks in the following generous terms:

"Of the colored soldiers of the Third Division of the Eighteenth and Tenth corps

Miscellaneous Department.

THE VOICE OF THE ARMY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Inscribed to "The Soldiers' Friend." Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, Jamestown, N. Y.

From the West, where the rivers in majesty run,
And the bold highlands catch the last kiss of the sun:
From the East, where the Gentile saw Bethlehem's morn,
From the South, where the beautiful Summer is born;
From the North, where the lakes are like mirrors unrolled,
And the Autumn woods frame them in purple and gold,
We come in the name of the nation and God,
To crush the last viper from Liberty's sod.

Stand out of our sunlight, beware of our wrath,
Ye hounds that would rise on the fugitive's path,
Who over your country's destruction would gloat,
And treasure the knife that is aimed at her throat.
Go, follow the chieftain, who, yoked with the knave,
Renounces a life with the noble and brave,
And leaving the eagles of freedom, can take
To the nest of the buzzard or den of the snake.

No more shall the North, with a gag in her mouth,
Bow down to the serf-breeding lords of the South;
No more shall her children from mercy refrain
At the crack of their whip or the clank of their chain.
Our legions will face the red fires of death,
And like icicles melt in the cannon's hot breath,
Ere they ask for repose that will tarnish their fame,
Or "peace" that is black with dishonor and shame.

Thrice blest be the hero who gallantly strives
To shield what the patriots bought with their lives,
But cursed be the vultures that feast on the slain,
Then croak that the mountain birds battled in vain;
And woe to the leaders, and woe to their tools,
When the land shall remember its traitors and fools,
When serpents are writhing in dust and disgrace,
And the children of liberty reign in their place.

Let their deeds be recounted with hate and disdain,
And their names only mentioned with Judas and Cain,
Who would strike down the truth that a race may be slaves,
Or sell it in secret to robbers and knaves;
One raises his hand with a murderous rod,
At the brother whose works were accepted of God;
One stands on the grave of his holier days,
And kisses the master he basely betrays.

By the martyrs whose lives are the beacons of time,
Whose death made the cross and the scaffold sublime;
By the graves of our brothers, who fell as they fought
For the gift which the blood of our forefathers bought;
By the heavens, where the world of eternity rolls
O'er the armies of earth with its armies of souls,
We swear that our homes shall behold us no more
Till the land is redeemed, or bedewed with our gore!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Let me speak a word of Mr. Lincoln. You have heard his name mentioned. He has been charged with the usurpation of power and with despotism. But when he was called to the Presidency, the danger was that the government would die of syncope. Authority was fainting. The government lay all along the floor, pale and languishing. And he dashed water in its face. And men say it was not decent to throw water in the face of the government. It was the very thing that ought to have been done. What the government needed was intoning. Imbecility had rotted it. For we had had—think what we had had: Polk, Pierce, Buchanan; and then secession, revolution, war! Consider what a state the government must have been in after the handling which it had been subjected to! And because the President—the most moderate and cautious of men—roused up the government from its fainting fit, and caused it to stretch out its arms, and to vindicate its own life, men say that he was despotic, and that he took powers which he had no right to take. But every step that he took was in the right direction. If he had taken ten times as many, he would have been justified in the court of reason, in the court of patriotism, and in the court of the common people. Mr. Lincoln has taken not one single step that it was not proper to take in the maintenance of a free government, and against intestine war and insurrection. Every great historic step that Mr. Lincoln has taken in his public policy has been taken, mark you, in the direction of liberty. And the men that blame him for being a despot in one breath, blame him in the next for being a fanatic for freedom—as though the two things were possible; as though a man could be crazy for oppression and crazy for liberty at one and the same time. Never before did so many events looking toward freedom come together in a single Administration as have come together in the Administration of Mr. Lincoln. Why, ten years ago, if any man had told you that during your life-time slavery would be abolished in the District of Columbia, would you have believed him? But it has been done. Ten years ago, if any man had told you that in your day the ineffable shame that has so long rested on this nation on account of its complicity with slavery would be wiped out, the Fugitive Slave law would be erased from the statute-books of our government, would you have believed him? But that shame no longer remains, except in memory. The Fugitive Slave law is numbered among the things of the past; and now no hand in this nation dares to take hold of the fleeing lover of liberty, though he may be black.

Ten years ago, if any man had told you that Missouri would be a free State to-day, would you have believed him? Ten years ago, if any man had told you that to-day Arkansas would be a free State, would you have believed him? Ten years ago, if any man had told you that now Louisiana would be a free State, would you have believed him? Ten years ago, if any man had told you that so soon half of Virginia would elect itself a free State, would you have believed him? Ten years ago, if any man had told you that in 1864 Maryland would adopt a free State Constitution, would you have believed him? And yet these things have taken place within the last four years; and no man denies that they were largely brought about by the suggestion, and altogether under the patronage and inspiration of Abraham Lincoln. And these are some of the steps which he has taken (applause)—the man that has been held up before you as a despot and a tyrant. Are these the works of tyranny? Then Christ was the arch-tyrant that came to open prison-doors, and let forth the captives. Are these the works of despotism? Then we have been deceived as to the nature of despots; and give us more despots—the more the better (applause).

Mr. Lincoln's weakness has been, that he was not adapted to the urgency and the decision of military life. He had no education and no experience in that direction; and he attempted to bring the kind heart and the compromising ways of civil life into the administration of military affairs. The first two years of his term of office were spent under the illusion, largely existing throughout the country, and existing in the minds of his most acute advisers—in that of Mr. Seward preëminently—that by forbearance and leniency the South might be coaxed back into the Union. Unfortunately, also, he had at the head of the army a man who was not calculated to give efficiency to that army; and the seeming want of energy for which Mr. Lincoln has been blamed was principally owing to the fact that the other candidate was irresolute as a war-maker. But that evil is cured. Mr. Lincoln no longer attempts to plan his campaigns. Gen. Halleck plans them. And let me say of that much-abused man, that I have reason to believe that, though he is not lithe enough and quick enough for field work, he is at the bottom of the best plans of Sherman, and Grant, and Sheridan, and that all these men are laboring hand and glove with him. And now the President has Halleck, and Sherman, and Grant, and Sheridan, and other able and faithful officers so disposed at the head of our armies that those armies are better commanded, unquestionably, Europeans themselves being judges, than are the Southern armies. And the charge of military inefficiency can no longer be made against Mr. Lincoln. The only fault that I ever had to find with him is discharged in the removal of this cause of offense.

Mr. Lincoln has a profound sense of the existence of the common people. He was born among the very commonest of them. It would be difficult for a man to be born lower down than he was. He was born a poor white in a slave State. If there is anything lower than that I do not know where to look for it! And he has never, for an hour, or for a moment, lost the sympathies of his class. He is wanting in a certain exterior polish, which some persons regard as essential. The Lord Chesterfields of foreign courts find much to laugh at and amuse themselves with in the rough manners of our President. It is true that he does not excel in the graces of the dancing-master or of French society. He is an unshapely man. He is a man that bears evidence of not having been bred in the schools, or in circles of refinement. He is just what he has always been proud to be known as being—a common man, from the common people, with common sense; and he has been advanced, almost as much to his surprise as to anybody else's, to a very uncommon place—which is the only uncommon thing about it. But now, in that step of advancement, he has been made familiar with law; he has been made familiar with State and local legislation; and although he was inexpert in national administration when first he took the Presidential chair, yet never has there been a period from that time to this when he has not had difficulties to contend with which would have taxed the mightiest intellect and the greatest skill. If we had had such men as Richelieu and old Cromwell their backs would have bent in a time like the present; and this man from the backwoods, and with uncouth manners, has, for four stately years, stood up among rebellious States that have been attempting to overthrow the government, and to separate themselves from it, and has met and acted upon the most subtle and intricate questions, and has done it so wisely and so well that State after State has been regenerated, policy after policy has been settled, point after point has been fixed, victory after victory has been gained; and to-day the Republic stands before the world more strong, more dangerous, and more glorious, than ever before in its history (enthusiastic applause). And do you tell me that this is a man to be set aside with a sneer, to be derided, to be whistled down? I tell you that in all our past history we have not had one man that had such difficulties to contend with—nor one man—though he may not have had genius, and though he may not have had capacity for administration—whose name will go down to history as that of one who had done so wisely and so well as plain, honest common Abraham Lincoln! (Applause.)

But that is not all. We are coming to a time when it will require the union of the rarest qualities to conduct successfully the affairs of this nation. When the States in rebellion are subdued—as they will be; when the Union is by force restored—as it will be, then there is to be an administration of policy. Who is the man that can administer under such circumstances the most wisely? It is the man that has the most profound sympathy with the public sentiment of the nation; the man that will feel the pulse of the people. And has there a man ever sat in the Presidential chair who was more exquisitely alive to that sentiment than this very man, Abraham Lincoln, has been?

Have not many of the evils that are complained of in connection with Mr. Lincoln's Administration been occasioned by his waiting to get the opinion of the people? He is a man *of* the people, and he is *for* the people. He believes, in his very heart and marrow, that the business of a magistrate is to administer a free government according to the will of the people of that government; and he is the man that will feel their will sympathetically, and afar off, and interpret it to them even before they know what they mean themselves.

More than this, Mr. Lincoln is a man of unbounded kindness and tenderness. It is his fault. I have blamed him, I still blame him, because of kindness and over-kindness—for kindness misplaced is cruelty. To save one man's life by mistaken lenity is to sacrifice a score of lives afterward—and that is not wise. But there come times when such tenderness and lenity go far toward effacing old scores, old grudges, and old hates. I never expect to see, in this world or in the world to come, the time when Abraham Lincoln will shake hands with Jeff. Davis, or Slidell, or Mason, or Benjamin; because they will go to their place, and be will go to his, and although there was conversation carried on between one in Abraham's bosom and one in perdition, there never was a hand long enough to reach from one side to the other, and Abraham will not shake hands with them. But I do expect that with scores, and hundreds, and thousands of the common people of the South, who have been bewildered, and deluded, and bejuggled with the infernal jugglery of their leaders, he will shake hands; and that he will be reconciled to them. And I regard his disposition as one of the best guaranties of peace, by-and-by, that you can find.

I have read with considerable attention the speech made by Mr. Phillips, at the Cooper Institute, a few evenings since. The criticisms which he made upon Mr. Lincoln do not demand at my hands any minute dissection. I have only to say that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Lincoln are counterparts, and need each other. Mr. Phillips avowedly is a reformer, and therefore is an agitator. Mr. Lincoln is by nature and practice an administrator and an organizer. It is impossible but that these two men should in some respects stand in critical antagonism of each other. And Mr. Phillips goes before to prepare the way. He raises higher and higher at every step the great moral standards; and he finds fault with the Administration that he may bring it higher and higher. I am glad he made that speech. I regard him as I do anchors in Western rivers. When the steamboat runs upon a shallow place, they set jacks under her quarters, and take an anchor, and carry it far down the stream, and couple it to the capstan and then haul the boat up to the anchor. Mr. Phillips is an anchor; and he is far ahead of any possible Administration at present; but he hopes by turning the capstan to bring the Administration up to his ground by-and-by. You know that God left the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Amorites in the mountains as thorns to make the children of Israel faithful to their worship; and God leaves in our Canaan some thorns to spur men up to their duty. And I am glad Mr. Phillips criticized Mr. Lincoln. Let him criticize him again. Mr. Lincoln can bear it. It will not hurt him. Neither will it hurt Mr. Phillips. I do not think that any speech that he can make will injure his reputation! The ablest speaker on the continent; a man of the profoundest moral convictions; a man that has been true to his ideas at the expense of his ambition; a man who had the prospect of rising to the highest honors that a nation could give, but who, because he loved justice more than honors, stood in a minority, hissed, hated, mobbed, that he might be a witness of liberty, a John Baptist in the wilderness, clothed with camel's hair, eating locusts and wild honey, and preaching repentance to a guilty nation—such is he; and because he has adhered to his convictions of liberty to the uttermost, and with constant testimony, he is without comeliness in the eyes of the people, and is made of no reputation. And I honor him, and admire him, and love him. I do not always follow him; for I, too, am free, and have a judgment that I must exercise. But I do believe that Mr. Phillips, while he may seem severe in his criticisms on Mr. Lincoln, is severe only that he may be kind to liberty, and that he may be kind to patriotism, to country. And I think that Mr. Lincoln will do well to take heed to his criticisms, and to accept such men as he is: not blindly to follow them; not to take everything that they say as gospel; but as the natural quickeners of men like himself. For these extreme men—these men that are administrators and organizers, and that go only as fast as they can take the people with them, and these men that are reformers and agitators, and that always go ahead of the people—are the natural counterparts and helps of each other.

A STATUE OF HERCULES EXHUMED.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* writes from Rome, September 28, as follows:

"Righetti, a wealthy commoner of this city, has lately purchased an old palace for an old song, being in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a most ricketty state, and, on setting people to work to dig for a foundation, they came upon a pavement composed of large slabs of that marble called 'Porta Santa,' which is a dull, veined marble, of a reddish hue, which comes from the Island of Iasus, in the Archipelago, and is properly called 'Marmor Jasseuse'; it is, however, better known by its modern name, which it derives from its forming the jambs of the jubilee door at St. Peter's. This pavement was found thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they came upon a massive wall near which they found a piece of building somewhat resembling Noah's Ark without the boat; the sides were of brick, and the roof was formed of large blocks of travertine resting upon these walls, and uniting with bevelled edges at the top ('rigging,' as they call it in Scotland). There were two gable ends, each formed of one huge block of travertine; on several of the blocks are seen, large and well cut, the letters F. C. S., which, as yet, the archæologists here cannot explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, and preventing the work going on; but a steam-engine was procured to work the pumps, which are now plied night and day. On opening the 'ark' it was found to contain a magnificent gilt bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, fourteen feet high, but lying on his back, or, as the Romans graphically described it, '*panza per aria*.'

In art, this statue equals the finest that ever Greece produced, and the careful manner in which it has been hidden and the means taken to protect it, argue that its value was known and appreciated. I suspect it must have been hidden in the fourth century to prevent its being carried off to Byzantium by the son of Constantine, who made off with everything he could lay his hands on in the shape of works of art, to enrich and adorn the city which thenceforward was to bear their imperial name. It is interesting to know that the coins found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius and Maximinius, commonly styled the 'Herculean.' There were, likewise, coins of the Lower Empire.

"Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright (and the *patina* of which is still perfect), is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly enjoyed. It was found imbedded in marble-chips, such as form the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head sculptured in Parian marble. The back hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style as worn by ladies in the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to other statues and busts. The period of Art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue which is far from empty.

"On the first indications of this discovery, much speculation arose as to whether it were equestrian or not, and whether it might not prove to be a portrait statue of Pompey the Great, since the place where they are excavating is on the site of Pompey's Theatre, which was the first ever made of stone in Rome; and that its size was considerable is known from the fact that it accommodated twenty thousand spectators. These speculations as to what it is are now pretty well at rest, as the statue speaks for itself; at the same time as there is a deal of that incrustation above mentioned adhering to the features, there are some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within ten feet of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting to us moderns, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

Hercules being the tutelary deity of Pompey the Great, it was natural that his image should be chosen to adorn the buildings he erected. As a work of art, this statue is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the Capitol. It has evidently been executed by artists in the time of the Empire, and stood in the temple of Hercules in the Forum. The beautiful marble statue of Hercules bearing Telephus, which adorns the 'Pio Clementino' in the Vatican, was found in the Campo dei Fiori and placed where it now stands by Julius the Second."

TO WM. CULLEN BRYANT—ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Calm priest of Nature, her maternal hand
Led thee, a reverent child,
To mountain-altars, by the lonely strand,
And through the forest wild.

Haunting her temple, filled with love and awe,
To thy responsive youth
The harmonies of her benignant law
Revealed consoling truth.

Thenceforth, when toiling in the grasp of Care
Amid the eager throng,
A votive seer, her greetings thou didst bear,
Her oracles prolong.

The vagrant winds and the far heaving main
Breathed in thy chastened rhyme,
Their latent music to the soul again,
Above the din of time.

The seasons, at thy call, renewed the spell
That thrilled our better years,
The primal wonder o'er our spirits fell,
And woke the fount of tears.

And faith's monition, like an organ's strain,
Followed the sea-bird's flight,
The river's bounteous flow, the ripening grain,
And stars' unfathomed light.

In the dank woods and where the meadows gleam,
The lowliest flower that smiled
To wisdom's vigil or to fancy's dream,
Thy gentle thought beguiled.

They win fond glances in the prairie's sweep,
And where the moss-clumps lie,
A welcome find when through the mould they creep,
A requiem when they die.

Unstained thy song with passion's fitful hues
Or pleasure's reckless breath,
For nature's beauty to thy virgin muse
Was solemnized by death.

O'er life's majestic realm and dread repose,
Entranced with holy calm,
From the rapt soul of boyhood then uprose
The memorable psalm.

And roaming lone beneath the woodland shades,
Thy meditative prayer
In the umbrageous aisles and choral glades
We murmur unaware;

Or track the ages with prophetic cheer,
Lured by thy chant sublime,
Till bigotry and kingcraft disappear
In Freedom's chosen clime—

While on her ramparts with intrepid mein,
O'er faction's angry sea,
Thy voice proclaims, undaunted and serene,
The watchwords of the free.

Not in vague tones or tricks of verbal art
The plaint and pæan rung:
Thine the clear utterance of an earnest heart,
The limpid Saxon tongue.

Our country's minstrel! in whose crystal verse
With tranquil joy we trace
Her native glories, and the tale rehearse
Of her primeval race—

Blest are thy laurels, that unchallenged crown
Worn brow and silver hair,
For truth and manhood consecrate renown,
And her pure triumph share!

CAN THE BLACKS MAINTAIN THEMSELVES?

I found living in Louisville many slaves who, as the usual phrase is, had "hired their time." One case was of a slave woman, apparently fifty years of age, named Charlotte. She had been hiring herself for more than fifteen years. She had two children, one thirteen, the other seventeen, both of whom worked in a tobacco factory. Their regular wages were two dollars a week each; sometimes they did extra work, earning more. She hired their time also. For herself and these two children she paid her owner five dollars a week—a dollar a week for herself, and two dollars a week for each of the children. She had brought up these children without any aid whatever from her master, feeding them, clothing them; and this she continued to do even now, when her master took their wages. She inhabited with them a single room in a tenement house, about twelve feet square, paying her own rent. She supported herself by washing. A large bed and an ironing table, which together filled up most of the room, were piled with clothes prepared for ironing when I entered.

This woman made no complaint, and did not appear to regard her condition as one of unusual hardship. The only thing she seemed to have expected from her master was a little aid in sickness. In reply to a question as to what he did for her, she answered, "My master never gives me anything, not even a little medicine, no more than if I did not belong to him." As her appearance indicated feeble health, I made inquiry on that score, to which she replied that she "was ailing," but that she "managed to keep up enough to make her wages." She added, "I get along well enough and keep the hire paid up; you could not pay me to live at home if I could help myself." I asked her if she had to pay the hire for her boys in any event; and her reply was, "If the boys make more than two dollars a week apiece, I get what is over; if they don't make that, I have to make it good to him; he has got to have it Saturday night, sure."

Another case was marked by an additional feature. It was that of a slave woman, apparently about thirty-five years of age. Coming upon her without any notice of our visit, I found her in a room tidily kept and herself decently dressed. She had been hiring herself for eleven years, at seventy-two dollars a year. Her husband, she told me (of course he could not be legally such), was a slave, and was hired by his master as cook in one of the Louisville hotels for three hundred dollars a year; out of this his master, she said, gave him, once or twice a year, a five-dollar note—nothing else. There were in the room two bright, intelligent-looking children, one a boy about ten years old, the other a girl two or three years younger. One might go, at a venture, into a dozen dwellings of persons of the middle class in fair circumstances, and not find their children cleaner in person or more neatly and suitably clad than were these two young slaves. I expressed to the mother my satisfaction at their appearance. Her face saddened, and she said, "The white people have two of my children, and that boy is about big enough to go."

I inquired how this was, and she informed me that her master left her children with her till they were about eleven years old, and then took them home to work. Up to that age she fed and clothed them at her own expense. The last they had taken was a little girl between eleven and twelve years old. Four months ago the mother had gone to the plantation to visit her, not having seen her then for ten months; she had saved a dress for the child, and took it with her. "I knew," she said, "that she would need it, but I never expected to find her as bad as she was; I could not help crying when I saw her; she was not dressed as a human creature should be; I took off her rags and washed her. She was serving my young master, and he had whipped the child so that you could not lay your hand anywhere along her back where he had not cut the blood out of her. I did all I could for her, and dressed her, but I could not stay. (Here the poor creature's eyes filled with tears.) I brought back the rags my child was covered with; I have them yet." I asked to see them. She went out, it seemed reluctantly, and brought a small bundle of filthy tatters, which she appeared ashamed that I should see. "If I could only have kept the children," she said, "I would not have cared for all the rest. I liked so much to have them clean and nice."

This woman made her living, as I ascertained, solely by washing and ironing. She, like the other, had paid her expenses of every kind, the doctor's bill inclusive.—*Robert Dale Owen.*

Miss Hosmer's Zenobia.—We understand this statue, which is regarded as Miss Hosmer's best work, and which has excited so much attention in the art circles of Europe, has at length been brought to this country, and in a few days will be opened to the public. The statue will be remembered by those who visited the great London Exhibition two years ago as one of the chief objects of attraction in the Statuary Hall. Numerous offers of purchase—some of which were indeed liberal enough to gratify the avarice or ambition of any artist—were made for the statue at the time, but they were all rejected, simply and solely because Miss Hosmer had determined the statue should come to the United States, at least for exhibition, and that purpose, we are gratified in announcing is about to be carried into execution.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF GEN. LOWELL

Were largely attended at Cambrigde, on Friday of last week. The services were held in the Appleton Chapel, at noon. Ere the cortege reached the college grounds the dirge of the band was heard through the open windows, and soon the pall-bearers entered with the remains of their comrade and friend.

Rev. Dr. Walker read appropriate selections from the Scripture, and Dr. Bartol offered a fervent prayer. The college choir sang with exquisite feeling that beautiful hymn of Bowring:

Thy will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful heart shall say,
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine:
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done.

Dr. Putnam then followed in a brief address of most touching and inspiring eloquence. It opened with a beautiful reference to the brother of the deceased, James Jackson Lowell, of whom no more need be said than that he rests under the sod of Nelson's farm on the peninsula; whose only burial service was the tears of his comrades and the requiem of forest trees—of his cousin, William Lowell Putnam, who fell at Ball's Bluff, but whose burial was from a spot consecrated to him by so many memories—of his companions in arms, his classmates, his life-long friends who with him have fallen, but who sleep upon those fields in Virginia which they have made sacred by their blood.

Presenting hardly an outline of Gen. Lowell's life, he gave a fine analysis of his character, of his intellectual and moral traits, of the qualities and motives upon which his whole career as a scholar, soldier and a man was built; and those of us who could enter into the fellowship of a cordial sympathy with those whose home is darkened by this great bereavement, could realize the deep solemnity of the appeal with which the eulogy was closed—an appeal with which those marble lips would have been eloquent, could they have spoken—an appeal, indeed, which breathed its loftiest utterance through the whole living service of our friend.

Very rarely in the history of our national struggle has such a company of mourning friends been gathered for such a service, and very rarely do we clothe such a form in the habiliments of the grave. Everything that was pure in purpose, lofty in resolution, scholarly in tastes, practical in affairs, and noble in action, lives only in our memories. The State is richer for his life, the country is stronger for his death, and the cause for which he bled will gain in sanctity for his pure sacrifice.—*Boston Christian Register.*

TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[The address lately delivered by Hon. William Whiting, at Music Hall, Boston, elicited the warmest applause from a large and highly respectable audience for its masterly ability. In the course of it, Mr. Whiting paid the following tribute to President Lincoln:]

Perhaps you will expect me to say a word upon the personal qualifications of our candidate for the Presidency. It has been my good fortune to see much of the President. He is one of the most industrious, hard-working men in Washington. His manners and style of dress, and of living, are simple and unostentatious. He puts on no airs. He is a kind, tender-hearted and generous man. He opens his house to the public. He hears the complaints of the humble. He is the friend of the people.

He is not puffed up by the distinction of office, and assumes no superiority on account of his station. He has a great love of wit and humor, and does tell stories. Perhaps this peculiar quality of humor may have saved him from being broken down by the weight of his cares and immense responsibilities.

Having observed his conduct under trying circumstances, he has seemed to me to be one of the most conscientious public men I have ever known. His honesty, as you all know, is incorruptible and unflinching.

His ability, his intellectual powers, have, I think, not been sufficiently appreciated. He takes broad, comprehensive views of every subject he examines. He looks at all its bearings. He is cautious in getting at the facts. He dreads mistakes which might mislead him, or do injustice to the absent.

His reasoning powers seem to me to be of a high order. His discourse and his writings are plain but powerful. They are loaded with common sense.

To many he seems too slow and too cautious. He may be so. But we must remember that what is too slow for New England may be too fast for the Western States; and the States must go together, or they cannot go at all.

He has been called vacillating. But no President has ever trod his onward path with firmer steps. He has never looked backward. Nor has he ever broken his word, nor taken back what he has said. While he holds a question under consideration, he listens to all opinions, in or out of his Cabinet. When he has fully made up his mind, he is immovable.

I do not hesitate to say that Gen. Jackson had no more firmness than President Lincoln; but the former was guided to his conclusions (too often) by will and temper—the latter is guided only by conscientious conviction of duty.

It has been said that the President is overborne by the influence of the members of his Cabinet, and is thus swayed one way and the other. The instance most relied on is that of Mr. Blair. Yet it is a fact, that on most of the great questions of public policy relating to slavery, the President has gone directly against the views of Mr. Blair, and finally requested him to resign his seat in the Cabinet. Beyond all question, Mr. Lincoln is now and always has been the controlling mind in the government. They are greatly mistaken, who suppose that firmness of purpose, decision of character, and gentleness of manners are not combined in him. He wins constantly upon the respect of all who know him well, and, whatever faults he may have, whatever errors of judgment he may have committed under the unparalleled difficulties of the government, in a new and untried situation, yet those who know him best believe that he is the man for the hour, and that he has been raised up by the Providence of God to save this people (protracted applause).

An Unnatural Gift.—The bestowal of freedom upon a race whose normal condition is slavery is a self-evident violation of the law of nature, and down-right inhumanity besides. The *Journal of Commerce* always argues thus in relation to the emancipated blacks. The slaveholders, from whom that newspaper has ever taken its cue, made frequent use of the same argument, when they wished to portray the horrors of abolition. Yet occasionally a slave, who had recommended himself by important services, by fidelity or heroic conduct, was rudely thrust from the Eden of bondage into the wilderness of liberty, and left to deplore the ingratitude of man. The Richmond *Enquirer* is even now exhibiting the same hardheartedness. It wants to maintain the armies of the Confederacy by a draft upon the colored population, and cruelly declares:

"The conscription of negroes should be accompanied with freedom and the privilege of remaining in the States. This is no part of abolitionism—it is the exercise by the master of the unquestionable right of manumission; it is *remunerating* those who defend our cause with the privilege of freedom."

We are afraid the unquestionable right of manumission will not stand before the antecedent divine right of slavery. And a boon which will surely prove a curse instead of a blessing is neither to be looked upon as a remuneration or a privilege. The proper reward of devotion to freedom is freedom, and the spirit which is ready to sacrifice itself for servitude deserves a triple chain. If it be sweet and pleasant to die for the cowhide, the paddle, and the faggot, then are these the meed of victory. "Pro patria" is not satisfied with anything less than country; can "pro catenis" rest easy without handcuffs?—*Independent.*

Strength and Sagacity of the Elephant.—M. Phillipe, an Eastern traveller, relates that one day he went to the river at Goa, a Portuguese settlement in India, and in a dock near to the river-side a large ship was building. He saw a plot of ground near, covered with heavy beams ready to be used for this purpose. He watched, and saw the men fasten the ends of a beam with a rope of great strength and thickness; this rope was carried to an elephant employed to assist the workmen. The animal conveyed the rope to his mouth, and after twisting it round his trunk, he drew the beam without any conductor to the place where the ship was building. Other elephants were brought to assist in the work, and some of them were able to drag beams so large that twenty men were unable to move them. But what surprised the traveller most was, not the amazing strength of the animal, but its sagacity; for when other beams obstructed the road, the elephant would raise the end of his own beam, that it might slide easily over those which lay in his way. M. Toreen, another traveller, tells us that he also had the opportunity of noticing the sagacity of an elephant. Its master had let out the animal for a certain sum per day, and its employment was to carry with its trunk timber for a building from the bank of a river. This business it carried on very cleverly under the guidance of a boy, and the sagacious animal laid the pieces of timber one upon another in such exact order that no men in a timber-yard could have done the work better.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Lord hath said it—*Let my people go!*
And earth and sky have answered with a shout
Of rolling thunder—prayer—and trumpet song;
With bannered pomp and nations on the march,
Forever now repeating, *Let them go!*
Thou art the man! The Lord hath called thee up,
Up from the people—out from all thy kin—
And set thee on the outworks of a world,
Where lighted thunderbolts and charging hosts,
With garments rolled in blood, may try thy faith!
And now he saith to thee, unqualling chief,
Thou chosen of the Lord, thou man of God!
Anointed for this mighty work, stand fast!
Lift up thine eyes! The vision is astir,
Up to the hills, whence thy salvation cometh,
And the embattled legions of the pit,
Come thundering on, O chief! and thou shalt see
Chariots and horsemen, and the Lord of Hosts,
The God of Jacob marshalling his power!
The Lord hath said it—*Let my people go!*
And after many a plague hath swept the land
With war's tempestuous glory, and with fire,
There comes a midnight cry through all the camp;
And lo! in every house one dead! Enough!
To the Destroying Angel—Stay thy hand!
Put up thy glittering sword! It is enough!
Wilt thou not say, O, Lord it is enough!
Or shall the earthquake heave, the thunders roll,
And thy great heritage be cast away,
Our cities laid in ashes, surging flame,
And Pestilence and Death o'ersweep the land,
Our first-born all destroyed, our hope,
Our glory and our strength forever quenched,
Because in madness we refuse to hear
The voice that thundereth—*Let my people go!*

John Neal.

THE MORMONS AND SLAVEHOLDERS.

From the Christian Ambassador.

The Mormons are polygamists: the slaveholders keep slaves. The Mormons have two, three, five, ten, fifty wives. Slaveholders profess to own ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, five hundred or a thousand slaves. The Mormons maintain that polygamy is a divine institution. It was practised by the patriarchs, flourished in the best days of the Jews, and is approved of God. The slaveholders set up the same pretensions in respect to their favorite institution. It was practiced, say they, by the patriarchs, flourished among the Jews, the peculiar people of God, and has the divine sanction.

Between these two classes of people, while agreeing in so many points, there is however one ground of difference. The Mormons are coming to see that their divine institution does not work well. Though appointed by God, they feel that it is wrong, and seriously wish that it never had been ordered. A new school has sprung up at Salt Lake City, under the leadership of young Smith, a son of the original founder of this strange community, which boldly opposes polygamy, and it is probable that it will ultimately be abandoned. Not so, however, with our slaveholders. They cling with a death grasp to their effete institution, and grow more and more in love with it. In its interest, as we see, they are willing to risk everything, property, life, and even slavery itself.

To account for this singular difference we only need to reflect that the Mormons are themselves sufferers under their peculiar institution. It affects their domestic peace and the whole current of their lives. They feel its burden and are beginning to wish that God had never laid it upon them. But it is quite otherwise with slavery. The slaveholder is master. He is neither worked nor flogged; neither bought nor sold. No one denies his rights, tears him from his family, subjects him to ignominy and degradation, makes him the victim of passion or the instrument of lust. All this falls on the slave alone. The master lives in case, perhaps in elegance, more likely in a kind of barbaric splendor, and his slaves toil for him. Slavery is believed to pay. It is deemed profitable, and therefore is held fast. Then the slaveholder does not know how he could live without slaves. Take them away and he is the poorest and most helpless creature in the world. Like the man in the parable, he cannot dig and to beg he is ashamed. Fortunately for him, he has proved that he can steal, and so he will get on in the world, or if he cannot get on in the world, the world can very well get on without him.

Under the light of Christianity these two chronic evils, polygamy and slavery, that have come down from a semi-barbarous age, must pass away.

PILGRIMAGES IN INDIA.

The Bombay *Times* inserts the following statement: "Thirty miles north-east of Sholapoor, at Tsolazapoor, is the great temple of the goddess Bhowani, and twice in the year the place is thronged by men and women of every grade, who come to pay their vows and sacrifice to the idol. Besides this, at every full moon, long trains of pilgrims may be seen flocking thither, and such is the faith of the people in the healing power of the goddess that the sick are resorting there constantly in the vain hope of some relief. The temple at Punderpoor is still more renowned. Not to speak of the myriads who go there at the great festivals, persons make a pilgrimage thither every month from a distance of 50 to 100 miles, and the practice is kept up for many years. One man, who had apparently come from a distance, the writer saw near Barsee, making the journey by prostrations, measuring his length upon the ground. It was under the burning sun of noonday; and, hardly able to proceed, he seemed the very picture of despair. But a case still more remarkable was that of a man performing the journey by rolling himself upon the ground. We came up with him two miles east of Wairag, and asked him where he was going, and why he was thus torturing himself? He at first did not seem to hear, but at length stopping, he lay exhausted upon the ground, and answered in a faint voice that he was going to Punderpoor. After some further questions, as the writer remonstrated with him upon the folly of such a course, he raised his head from the ground and, half reclining, said that he had come so far already that he could not desist now. He stated that his village was near Chandrapoor, 450 miles to the east from there, that he had spent 15 months on the way thus far, and that it was 40 miles more, and he wished to complete the pilgrimage. He was accustomed to go about a mile each day. He would then note the place where he had stopped, and walking back to the nearest village, would remain until the next day, receiving his food from the villagers. Then he would return, and from the place left the previous day, would begin again his toilsome pilgrimage. If he came to a river that could not be passed in this manner, he would go back a distance equal to this space, and roll over the ground a second time. He had for clothing only a coarse cloth bound tightly about his loins and another about his head, and thus almost naked, over roads extremely rough and stony, exposed to heat and cold, sometimes drenched with rain or covered with mud—for a year and three months this poor man had been rolling himself along towards the shrine of Vithoba. Yet it was not a sense of sin or a desire for pardon that induced him to undertake this painful journey. But it was evident upon further conversation, that he was urged on by no higher motive than a selfish pride. He sought a reputation for holiness."

Flying Foxes.—Towards evening, as we sit on the green before our house, the flying foxes come sailing heavily overhead, on their way to their feeding places; next morning they return to their resting-place, where they hang from the branches of the trees, screaming, and apparently abusing those who intrude upon their solitudes. I saw a number of them thus congregated this very morning, while I was shooting snipe, and I might have killed several; but although their flesh is said to be very tender, I have never been up to trying it; and to have killed them, therefore, would have been wanton cruelty. I hold, with the Ancient Mariner, that

He prayeth best who loveth well
Both man, and bird and beast:
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made, and loveth all.

A Fashionable Parlor.—How many people do we call on from year to year, and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family ideas and ways, than if they lived in Kamschatka? And why? Because the room which they call a front parlor is made expressly so that you shall not know. They sit in a back room—work, talk, read perhaps. After the servant has let you in and opened a crack in the shutters, and while you sit waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From some distant region, the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird, reaches you, and then a door clasps hastily to. Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crochet? Do they romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities a mute and muffled room says nothing.

A sofa, six chairs, two ottomans, fresh from the upholsterer's, a Brussels carpet, a centre table, with four gilt books of beauty on it, a mantel clock from Paris, two bronze vases—all these tell you only in frigid tones, "This is the best room,"—only that and nothing more; and soon she trips in in her best clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks you how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day, and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year. One hour in the little back room where the plants and canary birds and children are, might have made you fast friends for life; but as it is, you care no more for them than for the gilt clock on the mantel.—*H. B. Stowe.*

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